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FINAL REPORTS REVEAL SUCCESS OF HUNTERS

Remarkably Large Number of Deer Killed This Year

MANY GOT THE LIMIT

Dozen or More Bear Shot in Nearby Mountains—Rote-Wingard Party Trophies Included Wild Cat—Storm Marred Closing Days.

(From L. M. Detz, Forester Penn State Forest Headquarters—Coburn, Penna.)

The closing of the deer season for 1917 shows that over 100 deer and 12 bear were killed in the mountains of southern Centre county. Those not reported would probably raise this number to a considerable extent, although the many hunters were handicapped with a deep snow during the second week of the season. This made driving difficult and a number of parties gave up after several days experience under such conditions. Several parties remained, however, and secured one or two each during the week, while others were more successful and secured enough to reach their limit of six.

The Woodward Gun Club camping in the Seven Mile Narrows secured their sixth deer at noon of the last day, and it is needless to say that they departed for their homes a very happy lot of hunters. They also took with them, and afterward sent to the Bellefonte hospital a doe, which was found in Sand Hollow. The Greenbriar party camping in Pine Swamp secured their six deer on Wednesday, and the Rote-Wingard party camping at Paddy Mountain broke camp after killing the sixth of their number on Tuesday.

Cooperation of the many camps with the foresters and forest rangers made it possible for them to render such a complete report. Rangers McKinney, of Spring Mills, Libby of Weikert and Stover, of Livonia, visited the camps and found them to be in good shape and incidentally were able to secure an accurate report from these camps. Mr. McKinney reports that about 260 hunters looked for deer on the Seven Mountains Forest alone, or on land adjacent thereto. Seven camps housing up to ten men each were located on State land, and 15 camps housing up to 25 men located them selves on private holdings. To that number must be added several parties of day hunters which comprised from 15 to 30 men. Those reported follow:—

Nevil party, from Pottsville, Nevil's camp, 1 deer.

Horner party, Pleasant Gap, Runkle's camp, 6 deer.

Slack party, Centre Hall, Stone Creek camp, 2 deer.

Bradford party, Centre Hall, Pole Ridge camp, 4 deer, 3 fox.

Koch party, Darrah, Underwood camp, 1 bear, 1 fox.

Zion party, Zion, W. Blauser's camp, 2 deer.

Black Hawk party, Black Hawk, Stave Field camp, 1 bear, 1 fox.

Lochner party, Jeanette, Krise Valley camp, 1 deer.

Colyer party, Colyer, Geary's camp, 4 deer.

State College party, State College, Venrick's camp, 2 deer.

Palmyra party, Palmyra, Venrick's camp, 1 deer, 1 doe with horns.

Regulars, Potters Mills, Gherrity Road camp, 2 deer.

Ragged Butt Militia, Potters Mills, day hunters, 1 deer, 3 fox.

Yeagertown party, Yeagertown, Faust Valley camp, 1 deer.

Decker party, Schuylkill Haven, J. D. Decker's camp, 6 deer.

Sweetwood party, Centre Hall, Summit camp, 3 deer.

Schuylkill Haven party, H. Lingle's camp, 2 deer.

Penn Hall party, Penn Hall and Spring Mills, Ripka's camp, 3 deer.

Breon party, Schuylkill Haven, Mountain Church camp, 1 deer.

Brown party, Spring Mills, Krader's camp, 2 deer.

Wolfe party, Zerby, day hunters, 1 deer.

Snyder—Bonar party, Zerby, 9 day hunters, 1 deer.

Markle—Lee party, Hublersburg, Little Sugar Valley camp, 1 deer.

Rachau—Shaffer party, Madisonburg, Little Sugar Valley camp, 1 deer.

Mountaineer Hunting Club, Coburn, day hunters, 2 deer.

Greenbriar party, Coburn, Pine Swamp camp, 6 deer.

Catawissa party, Catawissa, Junction camp, 1 deer.

Rote—Wingard party, Coburn, Paddy Mountain camp, 6 deer and 1 wild cat.

Rowe party, Millersburg, Ingleby camp, 1 deer.

Juniata party, Panther Run camp, 1 deer.

Snyder party, High Valley, Snyder's camp, 6 deer.

Woodward Gun Club, Seven Mile Narrows camp, 6 deer.

Woodward Volunteers, day hunters, 1 deer.

Hosterman party, Woodward, day hunters, 2 deer, 1 bear.

Northumberland party, day hunters, 1 deer.

Northumberland party, Panther Gap camp, 3 deer.

Boyertown party, Stover Hotel, 1 deer.

Rebersburg party, 1 mile East of Stover's Hotel, 4 deer, 1 bear.

Bellwood party, Schrade Place, 1 deer.

Jersey Shore party, 3 miles East of Stover's, 1 deer.

Albright party, Mifflinburg, Half-Way camp, 1 deer.

Hayes Road party, Forest Hill, Hayes Road camp, 3 deer, 2 bear.

Purseley party, Weikert, Bear Hollow camp, 2 deer, 1 bear.

Sunbury—Treyorton party, Cherry Run camp, 4 deer, 1 bear.

White Mountain Hunting Club, Weikert, White Mountain camp, 1 deer.

Hoofnagle party, Weikert, Hoofnagle Gap camp, 1 deer.

Hironimus party, Lindale, day hunters, 2 deer.

Valentine party, Lindale, day hunters, 3 deer, 1 bear.

Easton party, Libby's camp, 1 deer, 3 bear.

Individuals—J. Barnett, J. Purseley, W. Purseley and Ed. Sholter, of Weikert; Russell Auman, Coburn, and Roy Held, Millheim, 1 deer each.

Total, 115 deer, 12 bear, 8 fox.

George Wingard, of the Rote—Wingard party, camping at Paddy Mountain, shot a wildcat during the first week of the season and it was added to the trophies at the camp as a part of the crowd's very successful hunting luck.

The Modoc Gun & Rod Club, of Boalsburg, arrived home from the woods with the limit. The lucky nimrods were as follows:

D. W. Myers, a four prong buck.
Philip Holter, a four prong buck.
Robert McCrea, a four prong buck.
Robert C. Bailey, a four prong buck.
John Hess, a two prong buck.
Samuel Hess, a spike buck.

Other members of the party were H. C. Bailey, A. W. Lauver, J. B. Krebs, Frank Bailey, W. J. Bloom, J. D. Mayes, John Mokle and Wayne Keller. D. W. Myers is president of the club and H. C. Bailey is secretary. Besides the splendid luck in hunting the members had a fine outing, and in many ways it was a trip never to be forgotten.

The Gentzel—Miller party, camping beyond Karthaus, returned to Bellefonte with a fine buck and a remarkably large bear. Ben Gentzel shot the deer, while Dave Moyer's rifle brought down the big bear.

The Lightner crowd from Pine Grove Mills got the limit in deer. The Pine Grove Rod & Gun Club got a big deer. The Shaw Gap crowd got four deer. The Woodrow Wilson Club, day hunters, of Pine Grove, also got four. The boy hunter among them, Roy Kline, shot a turkey, a red fox and a big deer. James Gummo lauded the largest buck seen in the woods for many a day. It dressed over 300 pounds and had a huge rack of horns.

Fourteen years old Arthur Casher, of Snow Shoe, shot and killed a 300 pound bear.

Married Sixty Years.

On Thursday, December 27th, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Green, of this place, will celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Christmas Greetings.

The editor of The Republican extends compliments of the season to our friends, our subscribers, and expresses personally the hope that they may have a very merry Christmas and prosperous new year.

In expressing appreciation of the remittances received for subscription we desire to convey the assurance that each payment helps toward brightening our Christmas season. A very great many have thus far delayed making payment. If each subscriber who has received a statement will send along the money now it will serve as a very practical and most acceptable Christmas gift. We have our stocking hanging, and we assure you there is plenty of room in it for the numerous gift-payments that we look forward to with every confidence that our anticipations will be fully realized.

NO LICENSES REFUSED; FEW ARE HELD OVER

Old Fort and Several Philipsburg Wholesalers Delayed.

CLEAN UP TRIAL LIST

Judge Johnson, of Union County, Presides Over Interesting Ejectment Suit and will File Opinion and Decree December 28th.

Last Thursday morning the Jury in the case of the Com. vs. Dewey Hilliard, returned a verdict of not guilty, and that the costs be divided between the prosecutor and the defendant.

The case of Blauser vs. Carson was on trial Thursday and Friday before Judge Quigley. The case is from Potters Mills and is about an alley, leading over the property of the plaintiff to property of the defendant. From the evidence in the case it appears that the alley in suit had been there for many years and used by the several property owners. That a Mr. McCoy had been the owner of property to the rear of the plaintiff's property, and some years ago sold part of it, and more recently he or his estate sold the remainder to the defendant; that in these several sales no reservation was made to the alley in question. That sometime during the lifetime of Mr. McCoy arrangement had been made by McCoy and the plaintiff, whereby the use of the alley was arranged for, which had not passed to the successor in title. That the alley was closed by a gate by the plaintiff and opened by the defendant.

Verdict on Friday evening in favor of the plaintiff for six dollars damages, subject to the questions of law reserved by the Court.

L. A. Green vs. Kato Coal Company, a corporation. Being an action in replevin. This case is from Snow Shoe township, and is special to Judge Quigley, and Thomas F. Bailey, of the Huntingdon Judicial District, came on Friday morning to preside over the case. After it was called the parties got together and settled the case.

Saturday was license Court and after argument by Clement Dale against the granting of a license at Millheim, and by J. K. Johnston against the granting of a license at Centre Hall, the Court granted all licenses, excepting the Old Fort in Potter township and one or two wholesalers at Philipsburg.

Foreign counsel interested at this term of Court: J. J. Kintner, of Lock Haven; A. M. Liveright and W. I. Swoope, of Clearfield; R. H. Gilbert, of Tyrone, and Ellis Sunstein, of Pittsburgh.

Court convened on Monday morning with A. W. Johnson of the Union District, presiding and the only case for trial was at once taken up. George Lewis, Laura Horner, Blair Lewis and Sallie Cartwright, Molly Merryman and J. T. Merryman, executors of Benjamin Crain, deceased. This is an action of ejectment and is from Taylor township, and from the evidence it appears that Benjamin Crain and Henry Crain, sometime in the nineties made a deed to Eliza Lewis and the deed was given to a Mr. Wilt, who subsequent to the death of both of the grantors had the deed recorded and still has the deed in his possession. The plaintiffs contend that the deed was an absolute conveyance to their mother and that they are entitled to the possession of the same. The defendants contend that the deed never was delivered to the grantee and that the recording was a mistake and that Benjamin Crain in his life time made his last will, subsequent in date to the deed, and willed the entire farm containing one hundred and twelves acres to Mollie Merryman, and that the Merrymans had taken care of Mr. Crain for the last year or so of his lifetime.

A Pleasant Gap Appeal.

The Pleasant Gap Red Cross auxiliary wants two hundred members. Won't you help by giving us your dollar before Christmas eve?

This auxiliary has raised money for eight sweaters, which have already been sent to the boys, in addition to making 220 pieces, consisting of sweaters, scarfs, wristlets, slings, pillows and various kinds of bandages, etc., which will be sent to the Bellefonte chapter.

MRS. J. A. NOLL,
Secretary.

Tuesday morning Miss May Sprankle, of Tyrone, and Lloyd Cronemiller, of State College, were united in marriage by Rev. M. S. Derstine.

Go to Montgomery & Co. for suitable Christmas gifts.

An Announcement.

The Republican is devoting considerable space each week to publishing free the notices of the Red Cross, fuel and food conservation, Liberty Loan and thrift stamp savings, and various other movements that are doing such a splendid part toward helping to win the war for righteousness and humanity. We have been doing this liberally and cheerfully. We shall continue to do so, just as liberally and cheerfully, but on a different basis. Each line of notices of this character will be charged for at our regular rate of 10 cents per line. The total amount so charged will be contributed as a part of "our bit" toward aiding these several causes. In effect, we shall continue to print such notices without even asking payment from the various committees. No statement of a charge will be rendered, but at the end of each month, beginning with the new year, we will publish a brief note of the amount involved and the explanation that it is contributed most cheerfully.

The reason we have adopted this new method is readily understood and appreciated once it is explained. It costs The Republican just as much to set up and publish a line that is free as one which is charged at our regular rate of 10 cents. In other words, each line published free involves a fixed cost to this newspaper. Some persons have the erroneous idea that notices of the character mentioned are paid for; not a few others never stop to realize that the newspaper is rendering a service that resolves itself into a matter of dollars and cents to the management. A few—fortunately not many—wonder if we are helping along the Red Cross and other relief movements. The latter perhaps mean well, but they do not understand. They would praise the contribution of an equivalent cash value by any other kind of business establishment. The newspapers are and have been so liberal that the use of their columns is taken as a matter of course. Once the public learns what our free notices represent when placed on a charged for basis they will have a much different conception of what we are and have been contributing.

We wish to repeat the assurance that there will be no money charged for publishing such notices in the future, but the matter will be handled along the lines noted.

HAD NARROW ESCAPE

Richard Noll Falls 30 Feet in Elvator Shaft in Store.

Richard Noll, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Noll, of Bellefonte, had a narrow and miraculous escape Monday afternoon from being instantly killed. He is a member of the Bellefonte High School graduating class and eighteen years of age. Shortly after 4 o'clock he left school and went to the Potter-Hoy hardware store for the purpose of transacting a little business with George Austin, one of the employes, and a young friend.

Young Austin was employed on the third floor and Richard went up to see him. There is a large amount of goods stored on this floor and to a stranger it is difficult to get around. In trying to reach his friend Austin, he stepped into the open shaft pit of the elevator and fell from the third floor to the cellar, a distance of not less than forty feet. Instead of being instantly killed he was badly stunned but had the nerve and vitality left to crawl to the door of the large entrance to the elevator. Hearing a strange noise Boyd Vonada and Harry Murtorff, two employes of the store, went down stairs and found him in a helpless condition. A physician was quickly summoned and took him to the hospital immediately. A careful examination revealed several lacerations on the head and the body badly bruised. No bones were broken, however, and it is the opinion that he is not injured internally, although the first night he suffered severe pain. He is now getting along as well as can be expected.

No Paper Next Week.

In keeping with custom there will be no issue of The Republican during Christmas week, which is next week. The office will be open for general business all week. Correspondents will kindly keep this in mind and send their news letters for the following week. The Republican management extends Christmas greetings and expresses the hope that one and all of our friends may enjoy a happy and prosperous new year.

Congress for Prohibition.

Congress this week passed finally the resolution to provide national prohibition by constitutional amendment. The resolution must now be ratified by thirty-six States to become effective. Approval by twenty-seven States, at least, is regarded as a foregone conclusion.

PENN STATE TO CLOSE EARLY OWING TO WAR

Commencement Exercises Scheduled for April 24th.

NO EASTER VACATION

Merchants, Boarding Keepers and Roomrenting Houses Hard Hit by Closing School Term in Most Profitable Period of Year.

Owing to the large number of students already gone to the front and others leaving daily to respond to the colors, Pennsylvania State College will close this year six or seven weeks earlier than usual. The commencement exercises will be held on April 24th, instead of in June. The Easter vacation has been called off. One semester will follow another without a vacation period.

It is estimated that about 1500 students have entered the military service since the United States declared war against Germany. Something like that number are still in college, but each day witnesses a group departing for camp.

The announcement that the term would be closed so much earlier than usual has cast considerable gloom over State College merchants and the large number of persons who rent rooms and furnish boarding to students and who depend on the income to aid them in paying for their properties. The loss to the latter class will be very heavy, particularly since the students will be leaving for home just when light and heat bills will show some falling off. The spring months are usually the most profitable to boarding houses and persons who rent rooms.

Lawyers Banquet.

More than three-fourths of the members of the Centre County Bar Association, together with a number of the Court House officials, enjoyed the annual banquet of the lawyers given at the Country Club last Saturday. Owing to the heavy snow storm the trip to Hecla was made in one of Tom Beaver's big sleds. Immediately on arriving at the Country Club Judge Quigley called a meeting of the lawyers and advised them that each attorney in Centre County had been appointed a member of the lawyers advisory board to assist applicants in filling out questionnaires. Three splendidly roasted turkeys were served at the banquet that followed the business session. The return trip was made by train.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Craig B. Lonberger, Ula V. Auman,	Pleasant Gap Millheim
Roosevelt Butterworth, Elizabeth H. Perks,	Decatur "
Ray E. Johnson, Lillian G. Koch,	Milesburg Bellefonte
Charles A. VanGorder, Sallie C. Crater,	Centre Hall " "
Dorsey B. Eckenroth, Bessie T. Emerick,	Pleasant Gap Centre Hall
Clyde G. Swartz, Charlotte E. Yesrick,	Bellefonte Nittany
William Adams, Margaret H. Jones,	Philipsburg Morrisdale
Lans E. Lucas, Hannah C. Hipple,	Fleming "

Chosen for Officers Training.

Announcement was made today of the selection of the men to make up the Penn State College allotment of forty-four for the third officers training camp. Those chosen include Horace J. Hartranft, 1915, Park J. Weaver, 1913, both of Bellefonte; Edmund P. Hayes, ex 1908, of Bellefonte but now residing at Joiliett, Ill.; Donald W. Simler, 1916, of Philipsburg. They will likely receive their training for officers' commissions a Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, N. J.

Governor Cox Takes Coal.

Governor James M. Cox, of Columbus, Ohio, on last Thursday night branded the agitation for coal for the northwest, while Ohio "literally was being starved to death" as an "unspeakable outrage," declaring he has discovered it was a move to enable coal operators to get prices higher than those fixed by President Wilson under the fuel control law.

During the cold weather, the services of the St. John's Reformed congregation will be held in the chapel. Next week's services are as follows: Sunday morning, 10.45, sermon. "The Promised Messiah." Children's Christmas festival will be held Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Early service of Praise, Christmas morning at 6.45. Special music will be rendered at all these services.

HEAT CO STATEMENT

Conditions Outlined to Patrons of Steam Plant.

December 19, 1917.

To the Editor of the Bellefonte Republican:

In response to the urgent request of one or two local newspapers to give them a written statement for publication of the Bellefonte Light & Heat Company, especially with reference to a coal supply, we beg to submit the following: During the past summer when thoughts of running the plant for the service of the community were being entertained, the management undertook to secure a reliable supply of coal from mines which would be controlled by their business associates, and in accordance with this thought secured a lease upon a large and valuable coal property in the County of Indiana, purchased a mine in the County of Cambria, and began developing a small one near Snow Shoe. These operations were begun in plenty of time under normal conditions to insure an abundant supply of coal for the local plant; but in view of the unexpected and innumerable delays in getting material and contracts through with the railroads, it became evident in September that the management must for a short time arrange for its coal from other sources. An arrangement was therefore made with four different companies which would have again guaranteed sufficient fuel under normal conditions. The largest and best producer notified us in October of his abandoning the business on account of the price fixed by the government; two others discontinued entirely on account of car shortage; the fourth is delivering about fifty per cent of the coal contracted for. Notwithstanding this situation had the usual weather conditions prevailed, especially in October and December, the management would still have had enough but though we have been paying in some instances double the wholesale price even now prevailing it has been simply impossible to obtain enough of coal to satisfactorily run the plant until the supply from mines above referred to can be depended on.

Two of these mines are ready to ship coal. Contracts have been made for the digging of the fuel, and siding and tipples and the entire coal producing plant installed in each instance. These mines started with an initial productive capacity of seven or eight times the requirements of our local plant. It will take a few days, possibly, to obtain a car distribution from the railroads, as these mines are situated on two different lines. After cars are being shipped it will take a few days before they come in regularly. There seems to be no doubt that the steam plant within a very few days will have the benefit for the first time in its history of an independent, reliable and ample supply of good coal.

Up to this time the management has been operating at a very considerable loss, but has been so operating with the expectation of demonstrating to the community that it could give an adequate supply of heat under even these abnormal conditions and thus win back a full and generous support from the town. The delay of all their plans with regard to fuel has prevented such a demonstration, and for this reason no active canvass has been made as was intended. The situation, though largely cleared as to the future fuel supply, is this: that if the citizens of Bellefonte will give a pecuniary support that will almost cover barely the actual cost of operation, the plant will continue to furnish heat and in a few days gas.

Very respectfully,
H. T. MANN, Manager.

Entertainment at Sandy Ridge.

The pupils of the second and fourth rooms held a splendid entertainment in the school building, Tuesday evening. The program consisted of songs and recitations. The parents and friends of the children thoroughly enjoyed every part of it. The teachers, Miss Biddle and Mr. Weaver, put fourth every effort to make it a success and were well repaid, for the children did remarkably well. A collection was taken and the money used to send Xmas boxes to the soldiers in France.

Hunting Accident.

Last Thursday morning Chester Johnston, of Pine Grove Mills, came in from a hunt. He had just reached the town and was carrying the gun under his arm when it was accidently discharged, the entire contents entering his right foot at the instep. Immediately he was brought to the Bellefonte hospital when an operation was performed and the shot removed. He is getting along nicely and will soon have use of the foot again. He is about 28 years of age and formerly a member of Troop L, Bellefonte.

Go to Montgomery & Co. for suitable Christmas gifts.

Incidents and Events of 75 Years Ago.

In looking through an old desk the other day a gentleman came across a newspaper published in Bellefonte seventy-five years ago, known as the "Democratic Whig" and published by John K. Shoemaker whose place of residence was in an old plastered house that stood on the site of W. I. Fleming's residence on North Spring Street. The "Whig" was a four-paged paper and the subscription was $2 a year in advance, or $2.50 at the end of the year. If it wasn't paid then the subscription was cut off. That was a ruling strictly adhered to. The date of this issue was Saturday, 9th 1842, and Bellefonte had at that time about twelve hundred inhabitants. It was located in a wilderness as all the approaches to it were through dense forests. The first railroad built into Bellefonte was by a number of Quakers from Philadelphia in 1857, and was known as the Snow Shoe and Bellefonte Railroad Co., so that at the date of this issue of the "Democratic Whig," the only means of getting to a railroad was to go over the Seven mountains to Lewistown, (mostly on horseback) or by the old canal to Lock Haven. At that time George and Abram Valentine operated the charcoal furnaces in Bellefonte and General Benner operated one at Rock Forge. The iron was taken to Pittsburgh, the rods being bent so as to fit pack saddles on mules. Iron at that time was worth $100.00 a ton and paid for in gold. Soon after that year wagons were made and eight to ten teams would start with iron to Pittsburgh and then bring merchandise back. These wagons would travel from twelve to fifteen miles a day. Wheat at that time was worth $1 a bushel. Wages ranged for $18 to $25 a month with rent and fuel free.

Pursuant to previous arrangements the Bellefonte and Spring township Temperance Societies and other citizens of the county, together with the Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday Schools, with their respective superintendents, teachers and children of the vicinity met at the Court House at 10 o'clock a. m., on the Fourth of July when a procession was formed under the direction of Capt. Charles B. Callahan, Marshall of the day, assisted by George Buchann, George Armstrong, Edward C. Humes, J. S. Keen and John Armstrong. They took up a line of march to Logan's Grove, where a celebration was held. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Bellefonte Band. The exercises at the grove were as follows: Prayer by Rev. James Linn, D.D., father of the late Mrs. Margaret H. Wilson, who resided on High Street, song by John Montgomery, followed by music by the band. Remarks by Judge Burnside followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by John M. Hale. An address was made by James T. Hale, Esq., in which he feelingly portrayed the sufferings and privation of our ancestors in obtaining our liberty. H. N. M'Allister addressed the audience in a happy manner on the subject of temperance. John Blanchard, Esq., in his usual manner, delivered an able, eloquent and instructive address on the progress of the United States and showed that our existence as a free and happy people depended in our belief of a ruling God and our adherence to virtue and a high standard of morality. When the nation forgets God and vice and immorality gains the ascendancy the nation will totter upon its foundation and become a prey for the conqueror. The company then adjourned for a dinner prepared in excellent style by the ladies of Bellefonte. Saturday, July 2nd, a military convention was held at the home of Mr. Furey, at Potters Mills, presided over by Gen. James Potters, Jr., and Lieut. James A. Cunningham was chosen secretary. It was called to make arrangements for the fall encampment. Col. A. Gregg was appointed chairman of a committee to make arrangements. William Graffius was postmaster and advertised one hundred letters that were not called for, the newspaper explains.

C. Beckwith left his books in the hands of D. I. Pruner for collection. It was the year in Centre County for the election of a Sheriff and the following gentlemen were candidates for the nomination: William Iddings, Union township; John Runk, Philipsburg; Michael Spangler, Jacksonville; William Davidson, Boggs township; William Ward, Bellefonte; T. Miller Hall, Boggs township; James Rodgers, Millheim; John W. Irvin, Gregg township. John McKinley, of Milesburg, was a candidate for Coroner. W. F. Reynolds & Co., were owners of a large department where everything under the sun was kept from a threshing machine to millinery for ladies. Irvin & Keller operated the Spring Creek foundry located about one mile from Boalsburg. Edward McGarvey operated a foundry at Milesburg and William Harris one in Bellefonte. The latter had a turning lathe for turning casting for mills, saw-mills and forges. Robert Furey kept the hotel known as the "Pennsylvania House," located on the site of the late Daniel H. Hastings residence, on Allegheny Street. It was formerly run by Matlock Benner. He advertised that he flattered himself that he was able to give general satisfaction. S. M. Mason, the dentist, made frequent visits to the hotel and filled teeth for persons who drove twenty miles to get to town. John Harris the druggist, advertised extensively and William & Graham seemed to be the most progressive shoe firm in Bellefonte at that time. Most of the boots and shoes were handmade, and were of the highest grade of leather.

Samuel Green and Thomas Miles, of Milesburg, handled grain cradles of a superior quality. Scythes were also repaired and sharpened.

Dr. J. M. McCoy offered his professional services to the people of Bellefonte and vicinity. He could be consulted either at the office of the late Dr. C. Curtin or at the hotel of W. Ward, Esq. John Rankin in that year opened a temperance hotel in the tavern formerly occupied by Samuel Morrison in the borough of Bellefonte. It was known as the "Washingtonian."

The agents in Centre County for "Peters pills" were W. F. Reynolds and J. M. Hale, Bellefonte; J. & J. Potter, Potters Mills; Henry Whitmer, Aaronsburg; Jared Irvin, Millheim, and Duncan & Hays, Spring Mills. This was a favorite patent medicine and took the place of Beacon's pills in modern times. The congressional district at that time was composed of Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Cambria, Jefferson and Mifflin counties and the number of inhabitants in the district was 68,730. Centre County had 20,992. The candidate generally traveled on horseback and one can see that he had a big contract.

There was a big Fourth of July picnic in Milesburg that year, people coming from a great distance to take in the sights. After the parade four young men began celebrating the day by firing off a large cannon. They forgot to swab it once after it had been fired and while one of the young men was ramming a cartridge into the mouth of the weapon it went off. He was mutilated in such a manner as to endanger his eyesight and both his arms had to be amputated. William Harris, the foundryman, cast a large piece of iron in the shape of a cannon. It was bored out and was used for shooting purposes on the Fourth of July. It was such a success that it was sent to Washington, D. C., to the navy department for inspection. It was to show that the raw material from the hills of Centre County could, in the hands of skilled mechanics, be converted into large guns for battle ships.

THE NEW DOG LAW

Owners Must Report to County Treasurer Before Jan. 15th.

Of a direct and important significance to [illegible] in general and dog owners in p[illegible]lar is a compilation just issued by [illegible]ce of the county commissioners r[illegible] the salient points of the new dog l[illegible]ich is now effective. A chief feat[illegible] the new statute is the necessity i[illegible]nt upon each dog owner to visit [illegible]ce of the county treasurer before J[illegible]y 15 for the purpose of securing t[illegible]essary tag for his canine. Perhaps the strictest requirement is that forbidding any dog to run at large unaccompanied by the owner or keeper. The penalty for infraction comprises a fine or jail sentence at discretion of the court. The proclamation of the commissioners' follows:

In order that the residents of Centre county, and the owners of dogs in particular, may be acquainted with the "Dog Law of 1917" we take this means of bringing to their attention the following extracts from said law:

"The word 'owner' when applied to the proprietorship of a dog shall include every person having a right of property in such dog, and every person who keeps or harbors such dog, or has in his care such dog and every person who permits such dog in or about any premises occupied by him."

On or before the fifteenth day of January, 1918, and on or before the fifteenth day of January of each year thereafter, the owner of any dog six months old or over shall apply to the County Treasurer or a Justice of the Peace who has qualified, either personally or in writing, for a license for each such dog owned or kept by him. Such application shall state the breed, sex, age, color and markings of such dog, and the name and address of the last previous owner; and shall be accompanied by a fee of One Dollar for each male dog and each Spayed Female dog; and a fee of Two Dollars for each Unspayed Female dog.

Any person becoming the owner after the fifteenth day of January of any year, of any dog six months old or over which has not already been licensed, or any person owning or keeping a dog which becomes six months old at any time after the fifteenth day of January of any year, shall forthwith apply for and secure a license for such dog in the same manner as the annual license is obtained under the provisions of this act. If any such application is made at any time after the fifteenth day of July of any year the licencse fee shall be one-half of the amount fixed as the annual fee.

It shall be the duty of every constable or police officer to seize and detain any dog or dogs which bear a proper license tag and which are found running at large and unaccompanied by its owner or keeper.

It shall be the duty of every constable or police office to kill any dog which does not bear a proper license tag, which is found running at large.

The general enforcement of this law is placed in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture of this State and he insists upon a rigid enforcement by the Commissioners of each county.

Section 35. Any person violating or failing or refusing to comply with any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or to undergo an imprisonment not exceeding three months, at the discretion of the court.

You will notice that no dogs are to be permitted to run at large unaccompanied by their owners or keepers.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Louis Finberg, et ux, to Gill Manfg Co., tract in Philipsburg; $2500.

Mary M. Fravel, et al, to Winfield S. Walker, tract in Snow Shoe; $1000.

Penna. R. R. Co. to Etta R. Leathers, tract in Howard Twp.; $25.

Margaret D. Garbrick to Harvey E Walker, tract in Benner Twp.; $70.

A. I. Garbrick's Exr., to Harvey E. Walker, tract in Benner Twp.; $930.

Jane Warner, et al, to John T. Harnish, tract in Boggs Twp.; $600.

Philip B. Musser, et ux, to Frederick Catherman, tract in Penn Twp.; $45.

Phbg. Coal and Land Co. to Mary Woods, tract in Rush Twp.; $100.

Phbg. Coal & Land Co. to Wall Moore, tract in Rush Twp.; $100.

Centre & Clearfield Railway Co. to Penn Public Service Co., tract in Philipsburg; $1.

Mary Ellen Sandford to John Riddle, tract in Philipsburg; $2800.

Sarah Tressler's heirs to M. N. Miller, tract in Potter Twp.; $28.50.

Lauderbach Barber Co. to Lauderbach Zerby Co., tract in Philipsburg; $1.

Mary J. Eller, et al, to James W. Stott, tract in Worth Twp.; $2000.

GEN C. M CLEMENT RETIRES

For Physical Disability After Forty Years Service in N G. P.

During the time the iron furnaces were in operation in Bellefonte Major General Charles M. Clement, of Sunbury, was a frequent visitor here and in that way came in personal touch with many of our people, not only in the town but throughout Centre County. When the war broke out Major Clement took command of the twenty-eighth division of the National Guards of Pennsylvania, encamped at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. He just returned from a visit from the French front to which he had been ordered by the war department for observation purposes. Much of the knowledge he gained there began to show itself in the division. However, his physical condition was such as to compel him to resign recently and he has returned to Sunbury.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

The name—Doan's inspires confidence—Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney ills. Doan's Ointment for skin itching. Doan's Regulets for a mild laxative. Sold at all drug stores.

Poet and Blacksmith.

The professor came to be a neighbor of the blacksmith in the year 1837. As he walked daily past the smithy and the simple comfortable home of the blacksmith, he came to watch and know the kindly man. It was not long before they became good friends. The blacksmith was proud of his home, and doubtless told the professor how happy he was when, in 1825, he had made his first arrangements to buy it from a man named Torrey Hancock. And perhaps sometimes they talked about the wonderful spring that was famous for its clear and sparkling waters, for this was right at hand. Below the spot where the spring gushed forth, the women of the town still did their washing.

The name of the street where lived the blacksmith and the professor is the same today as in their time. If you visit the great city of Cambridge, you will easily find your way to Brattle street, and the homes of "The Village Blacksmith," by name Dexter Pratt, and of the professor and poet, Henry W. Longfellow.—Vlyn Johnson, in St. Nicholas.

Banana a Bread Fruit.

The orange, apple and banana cannot be compared for the reason that they represent three extreme types. The orange contains no starch and the banana is nearly all starch. The apple stands midway between the two. One can make a meal of ripe bananas, but ripe oranges would, by themselves, hardly suffice. The orange is a refreshing food, the banana a nourishing food. The orange and the apple should be consumed with other food, and wheras one might eat half a loaf of bread and half a dozen apples, he would be very foolish to eat half a loaf of bread and a half dozen bananas. The banana is really a bread fruit.

NOTICE TO REGISTRANTS

Chairman of Exemption Board Gives Timely Advice to Drafted Men.

Any person desiring to claim a deferred classification by either Local or District Board on any ground in respect of any registrant designated herein may, within seven days from the date hereof, and not later, submit such claim to this Local Board accompanied by such affidavit evidence as such person may desire to have considered.

Such claims either by a registrant or by another in respect of any registrant may be submitted either by entering the same in the place provided on the first sheet of the registrants questionnaire or by submitting such claim to this board on a duplicate of such first sheet (Form 1001-A). If it is desired to submit affidavit evidence in support of such claim and in addition to the evidence contained in the registrant's questionnaire, such affidavits must be prepared on paper of the same size as the questionnaire, and should be responsive to the questions asked the registrant respecting the ground of such claim in the pertinent division of the questionnaire.

Section 7 of the Selective Service Regulations provides:

The process of examination and selection of registrants, under these rules and regulations, shall begin by the posting of notice in the offices of the Local Boards on Form 1002, and by mailing a questionnaire (Form 1001) to every registrant included within such posted notice, as provided in section 92 hereof; and notice of every subsequent action taken by either the Local or District Board in respect of each registrant shall be given by entering a minute or date of such action on the classification list (Form 1000) in the office of the Local Board, and in addition to such entries, by mailing to the registrant, and in some cases to other claimants, a notice of such action.

Whenever a duty is to be performed or a period of time begins to run within which any duty is to be performed by any such registrant, or within which any right or privilege may be claimed or exercised by or in respect of any such registrant, a notice of the day upon which such duty is to be performed or such time begins to run, shall be mailed to the registrant and the date of such mailing of notice shall be entered opposite the name of such registrant on the classification list (Form 1000), which is always open to inspection by the public at the office of the Local Board. In addition to the mailing of such notice to registrants, notice of the disposition of claims made by other persons in respect of registrants shall be mailed to such other persons. Either the mailing of such notice or the entry of any such date in the classification list shall constitute the giving of notice to the registrant and to all concerned, and shall charge the registrant and all concerned with notice of the day upon which such duty is to be performed or the beginning of the running of the time within which such duty must be performed or such right or privilege may be claimed, regardless of whether or not a mailed notice or questionnaire is actually received by the registrant or other person.

Failure by any registrant to perform any duty prescribed by the Selective Service Law or by these Rules and Regulations, at or within the time required, is a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment of one year, and may result in loss of valuable rights and immediate induction of such registrant into military serivce.

Failure of the registrant or any other person concerned to claim and exercise any right or privilege on the day or within the time authorized by these rules and regulations shall be considered a waiver of such right or privilege, and shall foreclose such person from thereafter claiming the same, subject only to the privilege granted by these rules and regulations to apply for an extension of time.

All registrants and other persons are required and strictly enjoined to examine from time to time said notice (Form 1002), so posted by the Local Board, and the classification list (Form 1000) upon which dates are to be entered, in order to be informed of the time for the performance of any duty of the exercise of any right or privilege; and it is the duty of every registrant concerning whom any notice is posted, but who for some reason has not received the questionnaire or notice, as the case may be, to apply to his Local Board for a copy thereof. Failure to receive notice or questionnaire will not excuse the registrant from performing any duty within the time limit, nor shall it be in itself ground for extension of time.

GEO. H. YARNELL,
Member of Local Board.
December 15, 1917.

Switzerland's Water Power.

There are no coal mines in Switzerland, but there is "white coal" or water power in abundance that can be transformed into light, heat and power. An electric railway climbs a tunnel inside the Jungfrau mountain. Halfway on the journey a good hot luncheon is served at the restaurant, in a station hollowed out from the rocks. The temperature of the tunnel in this snow-covered mountain is but little above the freezing point, even in summer, but the trains are lighted, heated and driven up the mountain, and the cooking and heating at the restaurant are all accomplished by the utilization of the icy cold water running down the mountain side as water power to generate electricity.

Few countries in the world are so well supplied with potential water power as Switzerland, and with this power fully developed she need never again see her industries at the mercy of a neighbor who might become at any time an alien enemy.

First German Colonists.

German emigration to America had its beginning 234 years ago, when the first party of pioneers from Germany landed at Philadelphia, relates a historia. There were 35 of them, mostly relatives, and all members of a religious sect closely akin to the English Quaker. Subjected in Germany to bitter persecution, they determined to seek refuge in the new world. The Frankfort Land company was organized, and purchased from William Penn, the governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near Philadelphia. Francis Daniel Pastorius negotiated the deal, led the colony to America, laid out the town of Germanopolis, or Germantown, and became the recognized head of the settlement.

FROM COAST TO COAST

A Remarkable Chain of Home Testimony, And Bellefonte Adds Its Voice to the Grand Chorus of Local Praise.

From north to south, from east to west;
In every city, every community;
In every state in the Union
Rings out the grateful praise for Doan's Kidney Pills.
50,000 representative people in every walk of life.
Publicly testify to quick relief and lasting results.
And its all for the benefit of fellow sufferers.
In this grand chorus of local praise Bellefonte is well represented.
Well known Bellefonte people
Tell of personal experiences.
Who can ask for better proof of merit?

Mrs. John Mignot E. High St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from a dull ache across the small of my back for several weeks. At times when I bent over or lifted anything a sharp pain shot through my back. I had heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and I knew they were good so I began taking them, getting my supply at Parrish's Drug Store. Doan's cured me."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mrs. Mignot. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

January American Magazine.

The January issue of The American Magazine is filled with stirring, helpful articles and entertaining fiction. Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch comedian, has written an article entitled "What the War Has Done to Me," in which he tells of the death of his son in France and the things Mr. Lauder himself heard and saw while visiting that country. Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, tells in an interview how the bank decides upon raising the salaries of the employees and the things which influence them in giving a raise, and Montague Glass, the famous author of the Potash and Perlmutter plays, writes an article on the Jew and the Gentile which is interesting and entertaining. Other good articles are "New Year Resolutions." "The Comic Side of Trouble," by Bert Williams, and "Chicago," by Jack Lait.

Holworthy Hall has a great fiction story called "Through Clearing" Ida Evans has a real human story to tell, and William Dudley Pelley has another of his great stories, this time dealing with the draft situation. The serial "The Making of George Groton" continues, and the Interesting People and Family Money articles are as helpful and inspiring as usual, rounding out a number unusual for its quality.

Lessening the Alcoholic Content.

President Wilson has not gone as far as the advocates of total prohibition desire, but he has taken a long step in the right direction by his order decreasing the alcoholic content of beer brewed after January 1, 1918, to 2¾ per cent. The writer is looking at the present moment at a "cough" mixture which admits to 17 per cent, of alcohol in its makeup. It is probable that the enforcement of this order will largely decrease the amount of drunkenness from the use of beer and, to that extent, do genuine good.

Unclaimd Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:

Mrs. Delia Adams, Mrs. Wm. Ames, Miss Lizza Ammerman, Mrs. Alice Burrs, Mrs. Rob. Brown, Robert Dale, Mrs. W. W. Gray, Micheal A. Healey, O. H. P. LaRue, J. E. Needtrum, Miss Beatrice Thomas, James Yarnell, Mrs. Charles Young. When called for please say advertised.

Advertise in the Republican.

January Woman's Home Companion.

The New Year's number of the Woman's Home Companion is filled with many interesting and stimulating articles and stories. Margaret Deland, the well known author, has written an article about the "Three S's," which she says are Sacrifice, Substitute, and Save. "Soldier's All," the Patriotic Department being conducted by Richardson, tells many interesting things and gives many helpful ideas. The number is especially rich in fiction. "The Golden Block" by Sophie Kerr, finishing in this number. In addition there are stories by Elizabeth Jordan, Ruth Sawyer and other well known authors.

Grace Margaret Gould's Bulletin Board gives many helpful hints, as does the rest of her Fashion Department. The Pin-Money Club will help you to earn money, and all the other usual departments are up to their monthly high standard, helping to round out an unusual number.

Girls Take Notice.

With the continuance of the war for another year the United States will need at least 20,000 nurses for Army hospitals at home and abroad. This is a strong appeal to the young ladies of Bellefonte and throughout Centre county who should show their willingness to go. Up until this time there are 1,500 in Army service in France.

An Army nurse must be a graduate of a training school for nurses and must have served for two years in a hospital. They are assigned to duty in the United States or abroad, and preferences are granted when conditions permit. Nurses who prefer not to have service abroad will have their preferences respected.

Broke Neck in Own Grave.

Frank Krenk, of Abie, Neb., recently dug his own grave and had the job finished just in time for his own funeral. Krenk, who was 76 years old, wished to be buried deep, so he decided to dig his own grave. He dug it ten feet deep and was removing the supports when he slipped and fell into the hole, breaking his neck. He was buried in the grave two days later.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

RHEUMATISM
CAN BE CURED

Sufferers with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatoid Arthritis or Gout, no matter how severe your case is, write for my FREE book, Frederick Dugdale, M. D., Dept. M. S., 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

DOLLARS SAVED
On all Guaranteed Make Tires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

Ask for a copy of our
Complete Travel Guide
It will assist you to plan your
Vacation Itinerary

CHICAGO NORTH WESTERN LINE

Free on application

A. Q. Tallant, G. A.
529 Smithfield St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CONFIDENCE

Confidence is necessarily the foundation of all hopes and plans for the future.

The aim of this bank is to so efficiently handle every account, large or small, as must win and hold the fullest confidence of each patron.

Open an account today.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street — Bellefonte, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 20, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$125
One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

To the soldier boys in camp and elsewhere merry, merry Chistmas and Happy New Year. May each soldier's stocking be filled to overflowing on Christmas morning.

A very dear lady remarked a day or two ago that with eating in the kitchen because the dining room is cold and carving the loaf at the table to prevent waste in bread we are getting back to old principles. And the only thing lacking, as she aptly remarked, is a pump just outside the kitchen door.

Seventy-five per cent of the retail stores in Philadelphia are selling a 16 ounce loaf of bread for seven cents. In Chicago the 16 ounce loaf retails for eight cents. Bellefonte may be just a little burg backed off on a siding, but we have the big cites shunted into the shade on the bread price. In Bellefonte the 16 ounce loaf retails for ten cents.

Mr. Garfield, as we recall it, advised all not to buy coal before October 1st, and also not to worry over the coal situation. Well, we're not buying coal 'cause there "aint any" coal. We're not worrying 'cause we've tried that and it won't burn at all. Only thing lots of us are doing is merely freezing for the lack of the coal that Mr. Garfield promised would be so plentiful after October 1st. Perhaps Mr. Garfield wasn't wholly in error. He didn't stipulate how long it would be after October 1st.

It is neither the inclination nor the desire of The Republican to criticise or find fault with the manner in which the government is handling the various phases of the organizing of the new army. On the contrary, we have put to one side all kinds of complaints that have come to our notice, contending that time would eradicate faults and errors. We cannot, however, remain silent on the matter of the lack of necessary warm clothing for many of the soldiers at Camp Hancock, in Georgia. The Bellefonte troopers who were at the Mexican border one year ago were provided with woolen suits and winter underwear, and for this reason they are protected against the ravages of the severe weather that has prevailed during the last week. The new men in what was formerly Troop L, however, are lacking in these essentials for health and comfort. They are even now wearing summer underwear and are without woolen uniforms. For the most part these boys have been in camp since last July. Surely there has been ample time to provide the necessary warm clothing. The folks back home are being asked to contribute liberally toward one cause or another that is for the general comfort and welfare of our soldiers. The least that can be said is that they will continue to do so more cheerfully if they are able to know that those in charge are meeting their responsibilities to the very letter of all that common sense calls for.

A Romance of the War.

One of the finest bits of romance on the battle front in London whose name is legion, came to light the other day. A society girl quarreled with her soldier fiance and he rushed to the front, determined to throw away his life. She, heart-broken, became a nurse and soon after was sent to France. There she was assigned to care for an officer who had been blinded by a fragment of shell. It was her fiance.

She did not reveal her identity, but did everything she could to relieve his suffering. One day he asked her to write a love letter for him at his dictation. It proved to be for his fiance in England—herself. She began the dictation, but broke down and revealed herself.

A complete reconciliation followed although it was believed that he was hopelessly blind. A few days later, however, a surgeon made a re-examination and found the soldier's sight could be restored. The wedding will follow when the bandages are removed from his eyes.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	47
Eggs	50

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.50
Oats	.75
Rye	.50

Dufresnay's Christmas Awakening

ON Christmas morning of the year 1681 M. Dufresnay's apartments were in some confusion. Monsieur himself as he slept on a spindle legged sofa was not the very image of order. His rose colored satin coat was under his head, and his silk stockinged calves dangled over the end of his all too brief bed. The cards of yesterday and yesternight bestrewed the floor.

He was disturbed by the insistent tinkling of a bell. Dufresnay groaned and struggled to his feet.

On opening the door he beheld a very beautiful young lady quaintly disguised as a working woman and carrying a large basket such as laundresses use. Dufresnay retreated in confusion, bowing profoundly and wrestling with his coat.

"I pray you pardon me, mademoiselle. I did not expect a—a vision!"

"And I pray you, monsieur, not to mock me," she replied, with a wry little smile. "The last time I came your servant said you had no money. You owe me 17 livres."

"I Did Not Expect a Vision!"

Dufresnay gazed in speechless incredulity for a moment and then burst out laughing.

"A merry Christmas to you, mademoiselle!" he cried. "Is the basket for me?"

"I wish you also a merry Christmas. But please, please listen to me. Perhaps the wine is not yet out of your head. But I must have money today. Surely you can understand?"

Dufresnay partially mustered his wits and attempted an elaborate compliment.

"I have seen all the shepherdesses of our Arcadian Versailles and— By the goddess of the laundry, you are not crying! The basket is very heavy. And here are actual shirts!"

He looked in comic perplexity from the basket to the girl. Then he said gently, "Has no one ever told you how beautiful you are?"

"Certainly you are not the first to flatter me nor the first that failed to pay me, but," she added, and her eyes filled with tears, "I had better hopes of you. Fine words will not help me."

"I know they will not. What have I that will bring 17 livres? This ring?"

"But that is a wedding ring."

"My mother's. And it is for my wife. It is for you."

"That is a cruel jest. And I thought you were so different. You have never seen me before, but I live not far away, and I have often seen you. You are not yourself now or you would not mock me so."

"I was never myself before," insisted Dufresnay.

At this moment a stately personage appeared in the doorway and rang the bell with great vigor.

Dufresnay greeted him with delight. "Is his majesty returned to Paris? No? He is well?"

Turning to the girl, he said: "I am, as perhaps you know, the king's poor kinsman, as poor as he is rich. M. Ribot has been the bearer of many good gifts. Monsieur, mademoiselle is my betrothed."

"Ahem! M. Dufresnay, his majesty intrusted me with this Christmas present for you—this purse of gold, 500 louis, I believe, and this commission creating you valet de chambre du roi, with a stipend of 100,000 livres per annum. I congratulate you, monsieur. As I have many other commissions to execute for his gracious majesty, I must humbly take my leave."

"Present my grateful thanks and Christmas wishes to his majesty."

M. Ribot made his departure with somewhat the air of one who gladly takes leave of questionable company.

"May I also congratulate you, monsieur?" timidly ventured the girl. "You can pay me now," she added rather tamely.

"You see my establishment—how I live. Could not the order of these apartments be improved? Will you abandon me amid such ruins? The abbe who ministers in the church yonder is my good friend."

"Why, he is also my abbe!"

"Wonderful! White lambs and black are alike his care. I am a most unlucky gamester. And you can give me better luck than ever came of winning. On my honor, I love you. And the abbe will be very glad to see us. Shall we not make the good old man happy?"

"If you will, monsieur."—W. R. Van Deusen in New York Evening Sun.

A Christmas Prayer.

God grant no little child may go
With hungry heart or empty hand—
Give this thy world one radiant day
To understand, to understand.

Give us the fitting word to say,
The spendthrift smile, the brave caress;
Disclose our hearts and give us now
The courage of our tenderness!

Lord, we are old with toil and tears,
Our souls are veiled with various art,
Yet still the little children keep
Thine ancient simpleness of heart—

And they alone of all thy breath
May bind the burning angel's eyes
And, striking laughter from the sword,
Retrace the years to paradise.

They are so brave with love and dreams,
So eager eyed and, ah, so dear!
I think we must return them now
The faith they bore across the year.

I think that we must give them now
The spendthrift smile, the kindly word,
That earth may keep its ancient hope
And we thy full commandments, Lord.

—*Dana Burnet.*

Little Cash

A Children's Christmas Story

By Bertha M. Masters

IT WAS Christmas eve in Durgan's department store, and to the happy children who accompanied their parents to see the glittering lights and the gorgeous Christmas toys the big store was a palace of splendor. But it was not one to poor little Edna Gray, the tired little cashgirl.

This Christmas eve Edna was very sad. She had planned to give her mother a nice Christmas present, and to crown it all she was going to hide the present in one of a pair of new stockings to hang on the chair beside her widowed and sick mother's bed.

A well dressed man and women smiled as the little girl took a package of gloves to the bundle counter.

"She looks like Beatrice," whispered the woman softly, and the man nodded, with a smiling recollection of the little daughter tucked between the sheets at home dreaming of Santa Claus.

Slipped Something Into Her Hand.

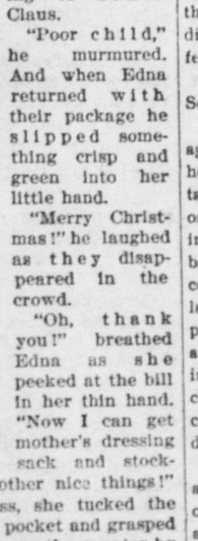
"Poor child," he murmured. And when Edna returned with their package he slipped something crisp and green into her little hand.

"Merry Christmas!" he laughed as they disappeared in the crowd.

"Oh, thank you!" breathed Edna as she peeked at the bill in her thin hand. "Now I can get mother's dressing sack and stockings and tea and other nice things!"

Full of happiness, she tucked the money away in her pocket and grasped a package handed over the counter by an impatient clerk.

"Cash" took the package, and it dropped from her tired fingers to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and as she did so her fingers came in contact with a small square leather pocketbook such as men carry. She found a corner of the stairway quite vacant of shoppers, and out there she peeked into the pocketbook. It was crammed with neatly folded bills. Inside was a name stamped in gold letters. "George B. Lawton," with an address below it.



Peeked Into The Pocketbook.

Edna's heart sank as she went back to her work. Of course she must return the pocketbook to its owners, and she suspected it might have been the man who had given the money and wished her a Merry Christmas — the lovely lady with him had called him "George"—and yet if she went to that address she would not have time to buy the things for her mother.

When she was outside the store at the closing hour she found herself in a mist of flying snowflakes. A friendly policeman told her how to reach the address she wanted.

A pretty housemaid opened the door and cried out in alarm when a very cold and bewildered little girl fell in a heap at her feet.

Carried Her Into a Beautiful Room.

"Why, it's the little cashgirl!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawton, who had followed her husband into the hall.

Edna's hand struggled into her pocket, and she brought out the pocketbook. "I guess it is yours. What time is it, please? Will I have time to get mother's presents?"

Mr. Lawton picked her up in his strong arms and carried her into a beautiful living room, and the maid vanished to fetch a cup of hot broth.

A half hour later the Lawtons took Edna home in a great warm motorcar.

This Christmas Edna will not be a cashgirl in a store. She is in school now, and her future looks bright, thanks to her friends the Lawtons.

Red Cross Home Service

Under the department of the Red Cross known as civilian relief the Bellefonte Chapter has formed a bureau of home service and information. The committee is composed of the following persons: Mrs. H. C. Quigley, Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker, Mrs. Blanche Schloss, Mrs. R. S. Brouse, Miss Anna Hoy, Dr. W. K. McKinney, Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, James C. Furst, Prof. Jonas E. Wagner and Dr. John Sebring, with James B. Cook as chairman.

The object of the home service and information bureau is to render assistance when needed to the families or friends of of the men who are in any branch of the service of our army or navy as well as to the soldiers, and as the Red Cross is working in connection with the government in this relief movement, if you desire information regarding a husband, son or brother which you have been unable to obtain yourself, or in any trouble or distress apply to the chairman or any member of the home service bureau and they will render you every possible assistance.

Frank Pearson, director general of the civilian relief, speaking in New York a few days ago said; "Men may be the best soldiers in the world but if things are not well with their families they worry and lose efficiency."

New Fish Law.

On January 1st the new fish law governing the fishing in the inland water of the Commonwealth will take effect. All devices for the taking of fish in the inland waters, except a rod and line for the taking of game fish are protected. A dip net or a minnow seine, not over four feet in diameter, may be used.

Attention is also called to Article XI, Section 110, which provides that:—

"No person, and no proprietor, manager, clerk, or agent of any market, hotel, boarding-house, eating-house, restaurant, or saloon, shall purchase, sell or expose for sale, whether caught within or without this Commonwealth, any brook trout, or any species of trout except lake trout, any small mouth bass or large mouth bass. No person, and no proprietor, manager, clerk or agent of any market, hotel, boarding-house, eating-house, restaurant, or saloon, shall contract with or employ any person to catch and keep such fish for him by the day or otherwise."

This does not apply to brook trout or any species of trout, small mouth bass, or large moth bass artificially propagated and sold under the authority of Article VIII.

Death of Ezra Kent.

Ezra Kent, son-in-law of Joshua Potter, of Centre Hall, passed away Friday night about 11 o'clock at the Potter homestead near Centre Hall. His death was caused by paralysis. He was born at Brooklyn, Susquehanna County, Pa., 76 years ago. Early in life he came into Centre County and in 1890 was married to Miss Margaret Potter. Deceased was one of the most prominent citizens in Penns Valley, honored and respected by all who knew him. He was a soldier of the Civil War, being a member of the 151st regiment. He belonged to the Methodist church. The body was taken to Elmira, N. Y., for interment.

Membership in the Red Cross.

The appeal of President Wilson to the American people, urging them to become members of the Red Cross should find favor among all patriotic men and women. Great as have been the activities of the Red Cross during the past three years, the hour is rapidly approaching when it will be called upon to redouble its energies and when many hundreds of American soldiers will need its ministrations. Americans who are interested in the cause of humanity and in the welfare of our boys should respond promptly this week

Leslie Smith Dead.

Leslie Smith, of Rockview, died last Sunday morning at the home of Mrs. Jones on Howard street. It was only a few days before that he came to Bellefonte to visit at the Jones home, and while here was taken suddenly with pneumonia. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of Rockview, his age being 22 years, 9 months and 13 days. One of the sad features of his demise is that all arrangements had been made for his marriage in January to a Bellefonte young lady.

Red Cross Attractions.

The Red Cross Christmas Membership drive is on this week and by the time the papers go to press it is hoped there will be a large enrollment, but don't let your interest in the campaign lag. If the cross on the Diamond is filled with red lights the cross can easily enlarge.

Saturday night there will be some special attractions on the Diamond, so let every one come out and have some fun, but wear your Red Cross pin or you may have to join again.

Sixty Miles an Hour Climbing Speed.

A modern airplane weighing as much as a small touring car without any passengers can climb at the rate of 60 miles an hour. The aviator would say that his machine's rate of ascension is 1,300 feet a minute. Such an airplane would have an engine of a brake horsepower of 180. The airplane climbing at 60 miles an hour ascends a gradient of 1 in 3½ to 1 in 4.—Popular Science Monthly.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BUSINESS CHANCES

We Establish Cut Rate Tire Agencies

There should be one in each locality
30x3 Non Skids $6.80
30x3 1-2 Non Skids $8.60
Small capital required. Profits are large.
For full particulars address
Popular Tire and Rubber Co.
2658 Broadway, New York City

New Art Pictures of WAR PRESIDENTS

Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS

The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
500	"	"	50	"
1000	"	"	80	"

W. H. Keen Company
1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home

By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to
Clearfield Textile Co.

For Music Lovers

We have for sale the following machines—all guaranteed:—

2 Standard Machines
1 Edison, second-hand

also Records for above, and the Victor and the Columbia

We solicit orders for
Victor Victrolas & Columbia Machines & Records

Repair work neatly and promptly attended to on all makes of talking machines, guns, locks, etc

Bryan & Rosenhoover
1st door above main entrance to Garman Opera House

"Out of Work, Old Man?" "But the Money Comes In JUST THE SAME!"

Takes more than a compound fracture to put you out of the running, when you've an ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY.

Any time any accident comes along, your ÆTNA steps right in and becomes the wage-earner for your family—

With $25 or $50 a week for total disability, according to the nature of the accident; and $12.50 or $25 for partial disability. Payable every four weeks.

If you don't think it comes in fine, just ask my wife. She almost went to pieces until I told her I'd had the good sense to

ÆTNA-IZE

We'd have been up against it for fair. You can't hold off the landlord and the grocer and butcher forever, you know. And I'd hate like sin to have the wife try to earn our living.

As it is, we've wanted for nothing, and the ÆTNA paid my surgeon's bill in the bargain. If I'd gone to the hospital, it would have paid the charges for me there.

In fact, I've gotten such big returns that it's almost a shame to tell how little I pay for the policy.

Take my tip, and get all the facts today from

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Tell-Tale Polly

By Marguerite V. Lynn

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Setting aside all worldly consideration," pronounced Rev. Silas Morton, "let us scan the men from a broadly moral aspect, my dear sister. With my marriage early next year necessarily our harmonious companionship must result in each maintaining a separate establishment. I would feel quite relieved were you married to some worthy man."

Editha blushed. Hers was a modest, retiring nature, with no flaws of vanity or coquetry. She murmured something faintly about her devotion to a single life.

"Nonsense, my dear," orated her big-voiced brother, in his usual expansive way. "You are twenty-six, just the sensible, marriageable age. You are beautiful, and a lady, and possessed of all the qualifications that go to make a desirable wife. "Surely—" Reverend Mr. Morton bent his brows and regarded her critically—"surely, your affections have not been engaged by some other."

"Oh, dear, no!" Editha hastened to say, "whatever put that into your head, brother?"

"I have sometimes fancied that Mr. Rolfe meant something by his repeated visits."

Editha blushed again. Then she paled. Her lips quivered, but she said bravely:

"I have a high regard for Mr. Rolfe"—which was more than true—"but I am certain he looks upon me as a mere passing acquaintance." Which was also true, Editha believed—which was true, Editha feared. She placed so little value on the charm of her ingenuousness, she was so greatly a novice in reading man and the mysteries of his intentions.

Then she sighed resignedly, sank into a chair, folded her hands in her lap, dropped her eyes and patiently listened to the skilled and precise explanation of her brother that Mr. Wal-

A Bustling, Keen-Eyed Bird.

ter Deane had visited him for the purpose of seeking the privilege of wooing his sister.

"I have encouraged him," the great bass voice of the cleric announced, as if that settled it. "He has left for a week. On his return let me make him a happy man by imparting to him your willingness to receive his addresses. Shall it be so, dear? When I am married I shall not be at hand to guide and direct and manage you. Mr. Deane is said to be a practical business man. He is only ten years your senior. He comes from one of the best families in the next county. I feel that I can trust you to his charge."

That was all. Editha was mute, but she tacitly accepted the situation. At heart she felt like a frightened dove, or a lamb led to the slaughter. Then, too, womanlike, she held her soul's secret. Albert Rolfe had been to her a new and inspiring element come into her lonely life. After an acquaintance of three months she had arrived at the sad conclusion that he held no deeper sentiment towards her than friendship. Because of this, a combination of their casual relations could only magnify the deepening pain she felt at heart.

Editha thought it all over and came to a dull, abstracted conclusion. Walter Deane "would do," and she shrank from the desolation a parting from her brother would bring. She had ever been wont to cling to the protection of his fraternal, though imperious will. Besides, he favored the proposed match, and Editha had promised their dead mother always to follow his advice.

Twice during the next two days Albion Rolfe called and each time Editha "was indisposed." She spent sleepless, tearless nights. She watched him with a longing heart as he passed the house. She evaded the chance of meeting him on the street by shutting herself up in the house.

"It is better so," she cheated herself into believing. "It is a sharp, quick pain, soon over, and I may learn to forget.

One morning the lady with whom Mr. Deane had a room came over to the Morton home and sought an interview with Mr. Morton. "I am called away to the city by a very sick sister," she explained, "and have no one to leave in charge of the house. Mr. Deane left his parrot in my charge. Would you kindly give it care here until he returns?"

"Surely," concurred Mr. Morton effusively. "Bring it right over, Mrs. Bayne, and we will relieve your mind of that anxiety. Editha loves pets, and the parrot shall have her attention."

"Polly" proved to be a bustling, keen-eyed bird, at once coaxed into good nature by the thoughtful ministrations of Editha, whose dullness of heart was solaced by the clever ways of the trained bird. As to Mr. Morton, when the ready-witted parrot at morning prayer uttered a fervent and resounding "Amen," the flattered cleric was quite enchanted with the apparent tribute to his soundly rolling, sonorous rhetoric.

Polly grew restless, however, the second day of her reception. She scolded, sulked and refused to eat.

"We must not let Mr. Deane come back to find his pet ill or dead," suggested Mr. Morton, and forthwith went to the keeper of a bird store in the town.

"She wants to set," pronounced this oracle. "Get her a quail's egg and she will settle down like some motherly old hen."

Sure enough, provided with a nest soft and cozily fashioned by Editha's hand, and supplied with an egg, Polly seemed translated into a delirium of satisfied contentment. She settled down to the hatching process with an emphatic announcement: "That's the idea!" only every hour, this evidently being her first experience as a hatcher, instinct solely guiding her, Polly would get off the nest to critically inspect the egg, as if impatient to hurry results and view the prospective baby parrot.

Two afternoons Mr. Morton was seated in the parlor listening to the report of the Ladies' Aid society of the church, when an appalling jargon startled all hands. It proceeded from the library, where Polly's cage was kept. It was Polly who was speaking, the air blue with the most shocking profanity. One lady screamed at this desecration of the placid serenity of the ministerial home hearth. Another quite fainted. The others joined their host in a rush to the library.

There was Polly, in a wild rage, dancing to fragments the egg she had pushed out of her nest, the egg that did not materialize fast enough to suit her idea of incubation. All the stored-up "cuss words" in her vocabulary Polly was stringing out, with the vim and wickedness of a demoralized sailor.

"Editha," spoke his reverence severely late that day, "I have sent that infamous parrot to the bird store, and I have written to Mr. Deane that we do not care to encourage his further acquaintance."

"Why, brother," began Editha, marveling, but her tones choked with joy, and then the reverend gentleman explained. It seemed that his lady visitors had fallen to chit-chat and gossip when they learned that the parrot belonged to Mr. Deane.

They discussed that individual pro and con, and Mr. Morton was enlightened.

So assured was he that Polly's tutor had been Editha's suitor, and further convinced that he was simply after his sister's fortune, that he canceled all promises he had made.

And, as said, Editha's heart was full of joy at the announcement, for she had that morning received a note from Albion Rolfe asking permission to call upon her for the last time, as he was about to leave for the far West.

He did not leave, as a matter of fact. Edith would not let him, and Albion did not wish to go. A presupposed sad farewell was anticipated by a fervid declaration of love, and, with Polly out of the way, and her owner in the same category, Editha felt warranted in selecting for her husband the man she really loved.

Tale From a Dry Town.

"Could you, sir," asked the Boston tourist of Nelse, the janitor, who was sweeping the sidewalk in front of the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph office, "could you, sir, direct me to a public natatorium?"

"How's dat?" asked Nelse.

"I asked if you could oblige me with directions to a natatorium," explained the visitor.

"Oh, yassah, yassah," replied Nelse. "I kin do dat, but, boss, you wanter be mighty keerful. Dese her defectives is been makin' raids purty near ever' day an' snatchin' 'em up right an' lef'. An' sompin' else, too," with an air of friendly interest, "bein' a stranger like you is, if you ain't mighty keerful dey'll hand you sompin you kain't drink after you get it."

A Mood.

One of the deepest and strangest of all human moods is the mood which will suddenly strike us perhaps in a garden at night, or deep in sloping meadows, the feeling that every flower and leaf has just uttered something stupendously direct and important, and that we have by a prodigy of imbecility not heard or understood it. There is a certain poetic value, and that a genuine one, in this sense of having missed the full meaning of things. There is beauty, not only in wisdom, but in this dazed and dramatic ignorance.—G. K. Chesterton.

OLD-STYLE BLOSSOMS PASSE

Were Valuable for Home Remedies in Days of Our Grandmothers and Herb Doctors.

With the exception of some of the daintier spring blossoms, our wild flowers are passed by without comment. Violets, hepaticas, bluebells, trilliums are still sought after and picked, the fall asters are gathered by some and the goldenrod is admired, but passing into disrepute on account of its hay-fever aggravations. There was a time, however, when grandmother was young, relates the Ohio State Journal, when most of our common field and wayside flowers were of prime importance in the household, in the shape of family bitters, physics and cureall.s.

Yarrow, a pest to the farmer and of doubtful beauty even to the wild flower lover, was at one time a most useful herb from which a tea was made that cured all sorts of ailments, from toothache to typhoid fever. From the boneset plant, so common along our streams now, a tea was also made which was a prime favorite in the curing of that common malady, "break-bone fever"—do not laugh—probably what we know today as grippe. Camomile, we call it dog fennel, was brewed into a tea as well, and was used as a tonic and blood purifier. Jimsonweed, a corruption of Jamestown weed, was valued by the settlers of that early village as a narcotic, and is still so used, for that matter. Self-heal, the little close-growing purple-flowered pest of our lawns, was used to relieve sufferers with quinsy and other throat afflictions. This plant belongs to the mint family, and most of the mints were of use medicinally. Pennyroyal, spearmint, Oswego tea, bergamot, catnip and mother-wort were all of value to the simpler of a century or more ago.

CASTE WIELDS AN INFLUENCE

Santals Prefer Starvation Rather Than to Eat Food Cooked by the Brahmins.

Occupation is still preserved among the Indian natives by inheritance and tradition, so that the diversion of labor to industrial pursuits has been an almost impossible task confronting the British government, the National Geographic Magazine observes. The supply of agricultural labor constantly outruns the demand, thus keeping the wage scale extremely low. Caste also prevents people from leaving crowded districts and going to sparsely inhabited regions, of which there are many.

In time of distress the restrictions which caste throws about rescue and relief work would be exasperating if they were not so tragic. For example, in the terrible Orissa famine thousands of Santals perished, in the midst of ample supplies furnished by the government, before it was discovered that there is a peculiar tenet of their faith which forbids them to touch food cooked by Brahmins. It was also discovered that skilled weavers would not go to the ordinary relief work camps for fear that the hard labor would cause them to lose the delicacy of touch which they value so highly.

The Temperamental Artist.

The Art World Magazine is willing to admit that the public taste and preferences in art is not to be despised, and it thinks artists should consider those preferences. It says:

"An artist only honors himself when he never loses for one moment the thought of pleasing that great world-public. He should seek forever to captivate it, not merely by pleasing it, but by pleasing it so much that it will be delighted to take off his hat to him, thank the giver of all good things for having created him, and honor itself by nailing his name high up in the temple of fame. Thus he will win a niche in the heart of mankind, which means the immortal love of the race. . . . The truly wise and great artist digs down deep into the heart and soul of man, there to sense if he can what the race is feeling, thinking and longing to have expressed for itself—in the hope of being enraptured by the nobility of the forms in which the artist expresses the things which he finds there."

Buttons a By-Product of Beer.

The spent yeast which collects in breweries and distilleries is put through a process which turns it out in the form of buttons, door-bell plates and knife handles. Formerly this left-over material was considered to be a bothersome waste; now it is utilized, every bit of it. As it is gathered from the vats the yeast is of a dirty, gray-brown color. The first operation is to dye it and then to work it over until it assumes the form of powder and can be hot-pressed into any form. In this stage it is called "ernolith." It may be sawed, scraped, filed, drilled, engraved, turned to an edge and polished.—Popular Science Monthly.

Raised Her Own Curls.

Elizabeth had accompanied her mother down town on a shopping trip. While mother was busy selecting her goods Elizabeth wandered over to the office quarters, which were on that floor, and stood looking into the window of the cashier's cage. Noticing the pretty golden curls of the child, the cashier asked: "Little girl, where did you get those pretty curls?" Elizabeth did not answer and the young man again asked, in a teasing way: "Where did your mamma buy them?"

In a scornful and emphatic tone Elizabeth answered: "She never buyed 'em; I raised 'em."

ASSISI IS REMARKABLE CITY

Shows How Influence of One Man With an Idea Can Persist Through the Centuries.

A remarkable city is Assisi, showing how the influence of a man with an idea can persist down the changing centuries. It is seven hundred years and more since St. Francis lived and died here, and yet today Assisi is little besides the city of St. Francis. His name lends it whatever fame and importance it may have, and something of his kindly spirit seems to hang about it still.

Assisi is a bare little Italian hill town, built of dull stone, with narrow, winding rocky streets, looking out over one of the fairest prospects in all Italy. Here St. Francis was born of rich parents, here he led an idle, spendthrift youth, and here he was suddenly seized with the idea of universal brotherhood and the necessity for poverty. Here he founded the Franciscan order, praying that its distinctive sign might be "never to possess anything under the sun and to have no means of living save by begging."

He carried out his rule in strictest practice, living in a hut of reeds built where now stands the church of St. Mary of the Angels. He felt a great love for all things created, so that he hailed the sun as his brother and preached to the fishes. All of these incidents in his career and many others are set forth in noble frescoes by Giotto in the Franciscan church at Assisi.

In Assisi, too, is the tomb of St. Francis, in a little chapel of the Franciscan monastery. The tomb is surrounded by beautiful marbles and rich work in beaten bronze. The world has loved St. Francis, but apparently it has never understood him. Else it would not in all reverence have surrounded his vault with the rich luxury of beauty against which his whole life and all his teachings were but one great protest.

CITY IS VEILED IN SMOKE

In Manchester, Industrial Heart of England, Flaming Furnaces Roar Night and Day.

Manchester is the industrial heart of England, the heart of the black, smoky North, which is to the pleasant London south like a foreign land. Under its veil of fog and smoke, the flaming furnaces of Manchester roar night and day, turning out steel and shells. The Manchester district is more impressive than anything of the kind America can show, because it is more concentrated. It is as if nine-tenths of the American steel business were gathered into a single Pennsylvania county.

Baedeker says that on a clear day you can see 600 giant factory stacks at one time from a hill near Manchester. This statement has long been suspected as the solitary bit of humor in the 97 ponderous volumes of Baedeker. It may be true, but it has never been confirmed, because there are no clear days in Manchester. When all the 600 stacks are pouring forth smoke and the fog steals down, it is dark at noon. On a good average day you can see for several blocks, and only a few electric lights are necessary. The trolleys will probably burn their headlights, but that is force of habit on the part of the motorman.

Colors of the Rainbow.

The colors of the rainbow vary according to their size, and the size differs according to the bigness of the raindrops. Large drops produce narrow rainbows and bright, clearly defined colors. The colors are generally as follows: When the raindrops are in the average one millimeter in diameter we see a violet, pale blue, bluish green, green, yellow, orange, pale red and deep red rainbow; when the drops average three-tenths millimeter, the rainbow is violet, pale blue, bluish green, green, yellow and orange. Drops of one-tenth millimeter produce the succession of a very pale violet, violet, whitish blue, whitish green, bluish yellow and pale yellow. Drops of one-twentieth millimeter (fog) give white tinted with violet, a very vivid white, a white tinted with yellow and a very pale yellow.

Origin of Order of Odd Fellows.

Details of the origin of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows are obscure and probably will always remain so. From incidents attending the extension of Freemasonry in England, America and elsewhere in the period between its arrival, in 1717, and year 1740, and from similarity of emblems and to some extent mechanical arrangement of ceremonials some investigators believe that the order of Odd Fellows was an offshoot of Freemasonry. First recorded lodge was in England in 1745. Its membership consisted of mechanics and laborers. Provisions were made for comfort and recreation of members and practices of contributing to relief of needy and unfortunate brethren began early.—Exchange.

An Unexpected Thrust.

He—It seems we have to economize on our wool, my dear.

She—Then you had better begin with the lot of it that people are always pulling over your eyes.

She Overheard Him.

"I didn't know golf was a gambling game."

"It isn't."

"It must be. I heard you saying that you broke 100 yesterday."

WRITTEN BEFORE THE WAR

Impressive Fact in Nature Is Stillness and Quiet on Earth, Says Observatory Director E. L. Larkin.

One of the most impressive facts in nature is the stillness and quiet here on earth, writes Edgar Lucien Larkin, director of Mount Lowe observatory. Ancient roarings, thunderings of pent-up potential of electricity, the terrific energy of heat, the exploding surfaces of millions of suns so many times larger and energetic than our sun, itself 1,310,000 times larger than the earth, had to be hushed down into a stillness, quietude and silence to make ready for that amazing event, the creation of life on worlds, revolving around genial suns, giving out life-sustaining light and tempered heat.

None can imagine this perfect balance of titanic forces, for, with slight increase or decrease of the sun's radiant energy, all life on earth would vanish. How accurate the adjustment of mighty powers, that living things, where imminent death always lurks, could even appear and then survive. The mere item of the careful adjustment of the heat energy output of the sun for reception and use of the most delicate organisms on land and in the sea, this even balance is beyond imagination, and one of the marvels of the careers of the earth and man.

With the creation of life on earth, Mind Supreme appears, so far as man is able to see, rested and retired. There is no trace of the action of the Original Mind now on earth. The 603 laws of nature, their force, is all that can be detected in action now.

BUFFALO WAGES GAME FIGHT

Wounded Animal Gives Battle Royal to Huntsmen When He Is Poked In the Eye.

An exciting story is told of a party who went buffalo shooting in Zuzuland recently. During the course of the holiday a buffalo was shot early one morning. The party saw the animal drop, and as it did not move, decided to deal with it later in the day. Returning in the afternoon they saw the buffalo from a distance, apparently in the same position as they left it. One of the hunters went out to the buffalo, and on reaching it poked a stick in its eye. This had the effect of restoring animation in the animal, which was only badly wounded, and a warm time thereupon ensued for the gentleman in question.

The buffalo jumped up and tackled the hunter, who hung round the neck of the buffalo in the hope of tiring it out. When the other members of the party arrived the buffalo and his foe were whirling round at such a rate that it was impossible to get a shot in without endangering the life of the latter. The buffalo tried to stamp the man to the ground with his forefeet, and at last lifted him with a terrible toss of its horns into a thorn-tree near by. This gave the other men the chance of a shot, and the buffalo's career finally terminated.

Press Gang at Church.

The cursory examinations which many recruits allege they received in the earlier days of the war were far greater tests of endurance and stamina than the recruit of 50 years ago was wont to receive. In those days, if a man could count all his limbs and had sufficient teeth to enable him to crunch the hard army biscuits and salt beef, or bite off the end of a cartridge before putting it into his old Brown Bess, he was certain of being accepted.

In earlier times, however, there was no pretense at medical examination at all. When Queen Elizabeth resolved to assist in raising the siege of Calais in 1596, the lord mayor and aldermen of London received instructions to raise a thousand men for this service, and on Easter Sunday they proceeded to several churches with their constables, fastened the doors, and selected from the congregation the number of men required. Without any medical examination they were equipped and sent to Dover.—Tit-Bits.

Typical American Eloquence.

Following is the peroration of a speech delivered in an intercollegiate oratorical contest in central Kentucky, 1896:

"Standing upon the last decade of the grandest century ever measured by the flight of worlds, 'I dipt into the future as far as human eye could see; saw the vision of the world and the wonder that would be;' saw the American continent formed; saw it the great sun of the solar system of nations around which all revolved, giving life and liberty to each and prosperity and happiness to all; saw its ports filled with the argosies of commerce; its brow blooming with the wreath of science; the breath of heaven blessing its flag; yet, in the vigor and buoyancy of youth, scorning pessimism and decay, marching ever onward to the accomplishment of its grand and glorious destiny."—Exchange.

Speaking of Metallic Rings.

"I might have known that you would have refused me," said the poor but otherwise honest young man, who had failed to make an impression on the maiden's heart. "I noticed a metallic ring in your voice when I entered the parlor tonight, that bode me no good."

"And had you been a little more observant," she replied, "you would also have observed a metallic ring on my third finger, which Charlie Gotrox placed there last night."

Thirty seconds later his feet were following each other along the homeward trail.

WONDERFUL [illegible]

Favorite Phrase That Means Happiness and Peace for Which They Have So Long Struggled.

"I am going to try to teach my readers six Russian words," writes William G. Shepherd in Everybody's. "The first is 'tavarish.' It means 'comrade.' There used to be a law in Russia against using it! The French in their revolution, meant about the same thing when they said 'citoyen.' It is a word you hear a thousand times a day, everywhere.

"'Mir bez annexi e contributzi.' These are the other five words. You hear them as we in the United States hear our latest slang phrases. The Russians use them as we once used the phrase, 'sixteen to one,' or 'safety first.' They mean 'no annexations and no contributions.' Every Russian lost in his happy wonderland, full of the new joy of life, means, when he uses these words, to say, 'This world is a more beautiful place than I had ever thought. Let us all be brothers and help each other to enjoy it, instead of fighting to make slaves of each other and to drive the beauty and happiness out of life.'

"There is something infinitely pathetic in their faces when you say to a Russian, 'Yes. Your idea is fine. But what of the Germans?'

"In vain the Russians have stood their front and cried to the Germans. All the rest of the world is listening, except the Germans, to that Russian call to happiness and peace:

"Tavarish! Mir bez annexi e contributzi!'"

BEAR GOT ALL CAMP'S HAMS

Bruin, Later Captured in Trap, Provided Juicy Steak and Pelt Brought Good Price.

With hams at present prices even a rich corporation like the Great Northern Paper company cannot afford to feed bears on that sort of fodder, and so it was a distinct relief to the boss of the company's camp on Elm stream, nine miles from Seeboomook Falls, when the camp timekeeper, Raymond Dyer of Bangor, acted, a Bangor correspondent of the New York World writes.

In the camp on Elm stream was a barrel of smoked hams. One morning the barrel was full. A week later the barrel was hamless, the cook found. Tracks of a young bear were around the building.

Dyer set a trap. One morning at three o'clock the crew were aroused by a tremendous grunting and thrashing. The ham thief was in the trap, fat, furry and furious, securely pinched by his right forepaw. A logger smashed the bear's skull with an ax. The men ate some of the bear meat and Dyer got the skin, which he sold for a good price in Bangor, and also collected the state bounty, $5.

Nerve of a "Rookie."

During some recent maneuvers, says the Rehoboth Sunday Herald, a raw recruit had been told off as orderly.

On reaching the marquee where the officer was he poked his head in and bluntly inquired:

"Have ye anything for me to do, mister?"

Disgustedly laying down his cigar, the officer exclaimed:

"Why the deuce don't you introduce yourself in a proper manner? Sit down," he added, "and I will show you how to report yourself."

The "rookie" seated himself and the officer, proceeding to the entrance, walked briskly into the tent, saluted, and said:

"Orderly for the day, sir. Have you any orders for me?"

The recruit calmly picked up the discarded cigar from the table and, between puffs laconically replied:

"No, there's very little doing today. You can hoof it!"

Horses Loyal to Cavalry.

Displaying almost human instinct, one hundred horses turned over to the remount station by the First New York cavalry when that organization was transferred into machine-gun companies, demonstrated their disapproval of the reorganization by stampeding, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. The horses paid no attention to the military discipline, but broke down the barricade of the remount station and galloped over to the picket line of the First cavalry, their old rendezvous. Many of the horses took positions in front of the tents of officers and soldiers who have ridden them for years. An alarm was spread and the cavalrymen were compelled to corral their former dumb associates and drive them back to the remount station.

Burros Carry Copper Ore.

The wood-carrying burro, passing through the plaza, to the delight of tourists and artists alike, for decades and centuries, now has a rival. It is the burro laden with copper ore. A caravan of these burros, carrying huge sacks filled with 150 pounds of 15 per cent copper ore, arrived in the city a few days ago, says the Santa Fe New Mexican, traveling all the way from the Lahoma Copper company's mine 12 miles east of the Dalton canyon. They came down the Santa Fe canyon in good time, and carried the ore to the depot where it was shipped.

Makeshift.

"Those oldtimers used to inscribe their historic records on rocks with a chisel."

"Yes," replied the young man noted for sudden outbursts of wisdom; "I suppose the ancients had their troubles about white paper shortage the same as we have."

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills

To everybody a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Mrs. Mary Wright, of Altoona, is visiting friends in the valley, before going to Akron, Ohio, to spend the winter.

Among the sick are Miss Jane Tanyer and Mary Watt. Mrs Mary Martz is recovering from an attack of pleuropneumonia.

Harold Tate was taken to the Bellefonte hospital Monday to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

At the regular Sunday service in the Reformed church here last Sunday John E. McWilliams was ordained an elder.

Henry Goss, of Houtzdale and brother George, of State College, spent several days here with their mother, on West Main Street, after a two weeks' hunt.

William Yocum, of Columbia County, last week moved to Erbtown as boss sawyer in the Bierly mill, aided by his son Bruce.

Last week Mrs. J. M. Kepler closed her quarters and went to Pittsburgh to visit her daughter Sarah. Later she expects spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Florence Meade, in York State.

Waldo Corl is erecting a new garage for his Dodge car.

Last Saturday evening the school board elected Miss Mary Kepler teacher of the High School to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Prof. L. H. Hirdens. Miss Krebs was chosen to teach the primary grade.

Mrs. Mary Jane Stewart, who has been visiting through the central part of the State the past two months, is now with relatives in the valley and at the home of her birth at Fairbrook. She is 81 years young, and bids fair to round out the century mark.

Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock Miss Isabelle Goheen will give a dramatic reading in the Baileyville Presbyterian church. Her subject will be "David." This is for a worthy cause. Come and bring your friends. Admission 15 and 25 cents.

The three-linked fraternity will hold their annual banquet in their hall on the evening of Dec. 28th.

Christmas exercises are billed for the Lutheran church here on X-mas eve; in the Reformed church at Pine Hall Sunday evening the 30th; Sunday evening, the 23d, at the Pine Hall Lutheran church; in the Baileyville Presbyterian church Saturday evening, the 22d. The Presbyterian Sunday school has dispensed with the usual treat for the children and will take a collection for the Armenians, a very worthy cause.

Centre Mills.

Miss Minnie Kline left for Forrest Hill, Pa., to conduct Evangelistic services in the evangelical church at that place.

Mr. Swope moved his family from Jersey Shore to the home of Mrs. Elias Breon at this place.

Charles Coble moved back into John A. Kline's tenant house last week and will work for Mr. Kline.

Mills Best will assist Arthur Cummings this winter.

Fred Meiss returned to Altoona last Saturday after spending seven weeks here at his former home.

Henry Sweely and lady friend, of Green Grove, visited the former's parents at this place last week.

Ira Shultz, who hunted with the Rebersburg party, returned home and is feasting on venison.

Among those who butchered the last week were Adam Reish, Fred Best and J. W. Sweely.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year in advance.

Port Matilda.

Miss Mary Bigelow visited in Altoona last week.

Misses Bertha Artz and Madalene Crain shopped in Tyrone Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Woodring visited in Milesburg last week.

Mrs Geo. Harpster and daughter, Alice, of Bald Eagle, visited relatives and friends in town last week.

Ray Cowher made a trip to Tyrone Saturday.

Mr. Thomas Rider and wife, of Tyrone, visited relatives near town Sunday.

Misses Annie and Murley Patton visited in Tyrone Friday and Saturday.

The Invincible Bible class No. 1, held its fourth quarterly class supper last Tuesday evening in the basement of the M. E. church. The supper consisted of chicken and waffles, ice cream and cake. The class has a membership of 17 young men, ages numbering from 19 to 22 years. The supper was given in honor of seven of its members who are going to the front. The members of the class are: E. M. Eller, teacher, L. C. Eller, president, W. A. Bennett, vice president and treasurer, Linzy Ross, Geo. Ross, M. T. Bennett, Chas. Barry Woodring, Harry Cupp, Chester Young, Allan Hoover, Clyde Daughenbaugh, Alex Robison and lady friend, Mrs. E. M. Eller, Mrs. Chester Young, Mr. Kurtz Spotts and wife, Mrs. M. G. Maines, Mrs. Catherine Crain, Mrs. Wm. Bennett, Mrs. Geo. Ammerman, Mrs. D. L. Ross, Misses, Elizabeth Woodring, Gladys Moses Sara Hoover, Kathryn Hoover, Violet Barry, Stella Barry, Gladys Bennett and Madalene Crain.

Boalsburg.

David Stuart, of Ingram, spent several days of last week with his mother, Mrs. Emma Stuart.

A great number of the school children have sore arms at this writing from being vaccinated.

Mrs. J. P. Wagner and Miss Helen Meyer, of Altoona, spent several days last week with the former's father, D. W. Meyer.

The Reformed Sunday School will have their Christmas entertainment on Tuesday evening, December 25th.

A. W. Dale and daughter spent Thursday of last week at Bellefonte.

The scholars of the Grammar school will give two short plays, "The War Time Xmas and "The Night Before Xmas." The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peters and two daughters, of Oak Hall, spent Tuesday afternoon in Boalsburg.

Cyril Zechman of Selinsgrove, is spending his Christmas vacation with his parents here.

Mrs. (Dr.) Kidder and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keller and Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Stover spent Monday in Bellefonte, doing their Christmas shopping.

Omits Banquet.

At a joint meeting of the officers and directors of the Centre County Association, of Philadelphia, held the other day in the office of William S. Furst, Esq., it was decided to omit the annual banquet because of the war. This will be the first year in the history of this association that a banquet was not given. John C. Beales, the secretary, says that plans will be made later for holding a patriotic meeting.

An Excellent Idea.

In view of the danger of fire, the National Board of Fire Underwriters have asked the Red Cross to dispense with the proposed use of a lighted candle in connection with the service flag on Christmas Eve; however the ceremony can be carried through by raising window shades and letting room lights illuminate the service flag in the window.

Mrs Margaret H Wilson Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Henderson Wilson, relict of William P. Wilson, passed away about noon Saturday from heart failure at her late residence on High Street. She had been gradually failing for the last several years from diseases incident to her advanced age. Saturday morning a friend called to see her and it was while the nurse was getting her ready to receive the visitor that she passed away. Wilson was among the oldest inhabitants of Bellefonte, and probably the oldest who was born and grew up here. She was the daughter of Rev. James Linn, D. D., L. L. D., who became pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church in 1818 and after a pastorate of 58 years died Feb. 23rd, 1868. After being here for several years Dr. Linn was united in marriage to Miss Jane Harris, daughter of James Harris, who with James Dunlop laid out Bellefonte in 1795. After the death of his first wife he was united in marriage to Miss Isabella Henderson, Mrs. Wilson being the only child to this union and the last of the family. Had she lived to the coming January she would have been 88 years of age. Early in life she was married to William P. Wilson, a prominent young attorney of the Centre County Bar, who preceded her to the grave August 3rd, 1878. His colleagues here included the Hales, Ex-Gov. Curtin, the Blanchards, H. N. McAlister. Mr. Wilson was successful as a barrister and left his widow quite an estate, and Mrs. Wilson being a woman of strong character became interested in the happiness and progress of many friends and acquaintances. She moved about in her quiet way, doing good where she found it to be done, without the least ostentation. She was a lifelong member of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church and gave much of her time and money to church work. While the new church was in course of erection she placed a tablet in the main auditorium to the memory of her father who was pastor for over half a century. She was one of the main supporters of the local church and took a great interest in the Y. M. C. A. So much interested was she in the welfare of the young men of Bellefonte and vicinity that several years ago she built and donated to the Y. M. C. A. a swimming pool, costing $10,000. While the Presbyterian Sunday School was held in the old wigwam, on the corner of Spring and Lamb Streets, she donated the ground on which the present handsome chapel stands and contributed largely to the erection of the building. She was especially interested in home and foreign missions and for years acted as secretary of the Ladies Foreign Missionary Society of the Huntingdon Presbytery. Representatives of institutes for the lame, blind, childrens' home called on her and she never turned them away from her threshold empty handed. The homeless man, woman, or child who came to her fireside never left without a supply of the necessities of life. Her kindness and liberality of heart won her hosts of friends. Time alone can alleviate the sadness in the hearts of those to whom she so gladly ministered. Having no children, a few years ago Mrs. Wilson adopted Mrs. Hiller, wife of Dr. Hiram M. Hiller, of Chester, formerly Miss Blanche Hayes whom she practically raised. She also raised Mrs. J. W. Gephart. Funeral services were held Wednesday morning at 10 30 o'clock, Dr. William K. McKinney, officiating. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Mrs. Laura Elliott Dead.

It was a sad surprise to the hosts of friends of Mrs. Laura Elliott, widow of the late Rev. George Elliott, to hear of her death which occurred at her home on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, shortly before 8 o'clock last Saturday morning. She had been ailing for several days with a severe cold but her relatives never suspected for a moment that her end was so near. On Friday she had been calling and doing a little shopping and that evening she didn't seem to be feeling quite so well. She gradually grew worse however, until the end, despite the efforts of her physician to counteract the dreaded disease, pneumonia. The deceased was the daughter of the late Dr. William Irvin Wilson, who in 1818 came from Lewisburg and located at Potters Mills where afterwards he married the daughter of James Potter, one of the early settlers of Penns valley. Early in life the deceased was married to Rev. George Elliott, who finally located in Bellefonte. He preached at Unionville, Buffalo Run and Pine Grove Mills. About the midde of February, 1895, Rev. Elliott preached in the morning at Buffalo Run church and started through the snow drifts to meet his appointment at Pine Grove Mills. He was compelled to break the road most of the way. The exposure was too great for a man of his advanced age. After arriving at Pine Grove Mills he became ill and died from pneumonia at the home of John B. Mitchell. Had Mrs. Elliott lived until the 30th of December she would have been 81 years of age. The deceased since childhood had been a member of the Presbyterian church and was always in her pew in season and out of season. Her noble christian character gave her an influence for good over all those with whom she came in contact. She was a woman of generous and noble impulses, unassuming in her manner, and by her gracious disposition endeared herself to a very large circle of friends. She was one of nine children, all of whom have passed to their eternal reward except one sister, Miss Alice Wilson, with whom she made her home. She was a sister of Mrs. Curtin, wife of the late Gov. Andrew Gregg Curtin. She is survived by two sons and one step-son: John, of Texas; William, of Oklahoma, and George whose whereabouts is unknown. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from her late home, Dr. William K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, officiating. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

MEETING OF COUNCIL

Differences Between Council and the Electric Co. Amicably Settled.

Monday evening the Bellefonte Borough Council met and in a very few minutes business had been transacted and before 9 o'clock the councilmen were on their way home. Hard Harris, chairman of the Street committee, reported putting new plank on the Lamb street bridge but the snow caught them before they could creosote more than the one side. Owing to the cold weather the ditch on Pine street, in which the sewer is to be laid from Mike Hazel's house, was delayed. Dr. Brockerhoff, chairman of the Finance committee, asked for renewal of notes, to the amount of $4500.00 and interest of $143 50 paid.

The most important business of the evening was the report made by Solicitor J. Thomas Mitchell to the effect that he and Clerk W. T. Keiley had made a permanent settlement with the State-Centre Electric Light Co. The meeting was held Monday afternoon. For the past few months Council had been holding up the electric light bills because it was claimed the company was not living up to the contract with reference to deductions when lights were found out from time to time. The meeting Monday afternoon was a love-feast; everything seemed to work in harmony. The company made it plain that they were willing to make a deduction but they must be notified immediately or by the following morning. When a light is out all that is necessary is to call up the homes of either Mr. Thompson or Earl Musser and notify them and the lamps will be fixed the next day. Any person who does not care to call up either Mr. Thompson or Mr. Musser can leave a note under the door of the store on High street and it will receive proper attention. Without going into a detailed statement a settlement was made by paying the electric company $4626.54. This squared everything up until December 30th when they start anew with the understanding that for cash monthly payments five percent will be deducted from the water bills. That is, Council can have use of the five percent but at the close of the year the State-Centre Electric Co., must have $2200 for pumping the water. Aside from this Council must pay $200 00 for a collector of the water tax and $200 00 for an inspector and the reading of the water meters. The pump at the Pheonix station will be put in good condition in a short time and then Bellefonte will be in good shape as to its water system.

E. E. Owens Dead.

Emory E. Owens passed away at his home at State College Saturday night about 11 o'clock from heart trouble and a complication of diseases. He was born in Lumber City, Clearfield county and was 66 years of age. He was a retired farmer and something over two years ago moved from Clearfield county to the College for the purpose of educating his children. He was a very pleasant gentleman and during his short stay at the College made many warm friends. He is survived by a wife and the following children: Nora Owens, Egg Harbor, N. J; Mrs. J. A. Nolan, Kerrmoor, Pa.; Chester Owens, New Millport, Pa.; Ralph Owens, Sedalia, Ohio; Stanley, Edward, Ardie, Pauline and Leonard Owens, State College. The remains were brought to Bellefonte by undertaker H. N. Koch Tuesday morning and from here taken to Lumber City where the funeral was held Wednesday.

Death of F. P McClain.

Sunday evening at 6 o'clock Franklin Pierce McClain died in Tyrone after an illness of several months with a complication of diseases. He was born at Scotia, Centre County, March 31st, 1852. Deceased belonged to the United Brethern church and was a good man. He is survived by a wife and one son, E. R. McClain, of Tyrone. Funeral was held Tuesday afternoon.

A Big Change.

Last year Christmas was celebrated in peace, this year it will be celebrated with war clouds passing overhead. Let's hope that when another year rolls around it will be celebrated with the Kaiser beaten to a frazzle and with his associates down and out, and the common people in Germany living under a republic, enjoying peace and on their way to prosperity.

An Automobile for Sale

New latest model 1918 five passenger Chevrolet car, can be bought for $50.00 below list price. Car has never been used. Purchaser can pick his own car from stock. The car must be sold this next week.

J. G. FORSMAN,
General Delivery,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Christmas Candies

Leggett's, Guth's and Jenson's
Delicious Chocolates.

Candies are Scarce, Call Soon
as they will go fast.

SOLD ONLY AT

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores

Sending Out Questionnaires.

Beginning with Saturday, December 15th, the local Exemption Board has been sending out 154 questionnaires each day to all men registered for military service and who have not been accepted in the new drafted army. Seven days is the time allowed for questionnaires to be filled out and filed.

The local Exemption Board requests that The Republican notify all postmasters, on receiving questionnaires addressed to men whom they know to have enlisted, to ascertain from the family the new address in each instance and forward the questionnaire to that address. Some postmasters have returned the questionnaires to the local Exemption Board without endeavoring to forward the same to enlisted men. They assumed that because such men are already in military service they would not be required to fill out the questionnaires. This is not the case. The questionnaire must be filled out by every man who is registered and who has not been accepted into the conscripted army. Even persons who have been rejected at training camps and sent home must fill out questionnaires.

Every lawyer in Centre County has been appointed a member of the Lawyers Advisory Board for this county and is required to assist persons fill out questionnaires. No charge may be made for this assistance. N. B. Spangler, J. C. Furst and W. Harrison Walker have been appointed a committee delegated with power to administer oaths in filling out questionnaires. No charge may be made by them for this service. A justice of the peace or notary public may, however, administer oaths and make a nominal charge for the service.

Every man who receives a questionnaire is urged to consult a lawyer before he fills out the blank. His classification for military service depends entirely upon the answers given to the numerous questions set forth in the questionnaire. The man who does not avail himself of the assistance of a lawyer may innocent, make errors in setting forth his answers that cannot be rectified and consequently may do him the greatest injustice in the future.

Savings Certificates.

Bellefonte is taking quick advantage of the new savings certificates and thrift stamps placed on sale at the postoffice.

The proposition of buying for $4.12 a stamp that the government will pay $5 for in five years, with the privilege of getting the money back within ten days if at any time the investor needs it, evidently looks good to the savers.

There are two propositions in the new scheme. Under one, the purchaser buys a $5 stamp, paying for it $4.12. With it he gets a savings certificate, on which the stamp is pasted. The certificate has room for 20 stamps, or $100 worth, though the purchaser has the privilege of buying only as many as he wants. Whenever he has $4.12 he wants to invest, he buys another stamp and sticks it on his certificate.

The face value of these stamps will be paid the holder in five years.

In the other scheme, the investor buys thrift stamps for 15 cents each. With the first stamp he gets a card with room for 16 stamps. When he gets the card filled with stamps, he will have $4 worth. Then by paying the additional 12 cents, he can get one of the savings certificates, with a $5 stamp on it.

The only exception is that the price of savings stamps will be boosted one cent each month after January. For instance, in February they will cost $4.13 in March $4.14, etc.

No Electricity for Industries.

Because of the acute shortage of coal the Consolidated Gas and Electric company of Baltimore, Md., notified its customers using electrical power for manufacturing purposes that it could not furnish the power.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Annual Farm Bureau Meeting.

On Thursday afternoon December 27th at 2 p. m. the annual Centre County Farm Bureau Meeting will be held in the old chapel at State College. At this time there will be a report from the officers of the Farm Bureau and the County Agent and, in so far as possible, the work for the coming year will be outlined. The new officers and executive committee will also be chosen for the coming year and every farmer in the county is earnestly requested to come and take part in electing the officials for the farm bureau.

At the last meeting of the executive committee a resolution was passed to hold the annual meeting after this year at Bellefonte which is a much more central point for the county. However, due to action taken last year it was impossible to change the place for this meeting. It was therefore decided to hold the meeting during Farmers week in order to give those attending a two-fold purpose in going to the college.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver perhaps needs waking up. Doan's Regulets for bilious attacks. 25c at al stores.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that recently there came upon the premises of the undersigned, one mile from Clarence, Centre County, Pa., a cow, aged probably eighteen months, red in color about body, with white legs. Owner is hereby notified to call and pay costs incurred by the undersigned or the said cow will be disposed of at public sale.

VALENT SVANCAR,
Clarence, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

DAIRY FEED—J. S. Waite & Co., will get a car load of dairy feed this week.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework in private family of four. Communicate with Mrs. W. H. Martin, State College, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

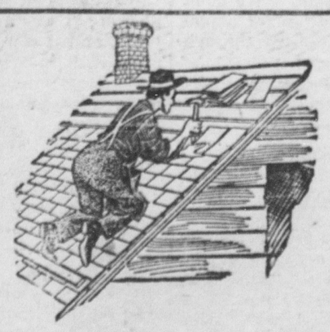
SALESMEN—Also managers for selling branches in each county for large calendar manufacturers. Start December 15. Will pay good money to capable men. Consolidated Calendar and Novelty Co. Erie, Pa.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable man, resident of Bellefonte, to manage local selling branch, also one salesman for Bellefonte and one living in each adjoining county. Address Consolidated Calendar & Novelty Co., Erie, Pa.

LIFE INSURANCE—Men attention: A progressive well established life insurance company has open a general agency connection for the Bellefonte District. Liberal commission and office allowance. Those interested in making a permanent association can receive full particulars by addressing General Manager, Suite 826 Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles
stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wanted: A Dumb Woman

By Mona Cowles

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Wanted—A stenographer who is dumb but not deaf; must be over thirty. No others need apply. Call Monday morning at Congressman Pragg's office at the Davenporte."

Perhaps the single affliction of being dumb without being deaf is not a rare one, but in Washington on the Sunday that this advertisement appeared in the local papers, women so handicapped were not numerous. Or, if they were, they were not stenographers in search of a job. Of the half-dozen dumb applicants, there was one whose hearing was keen enough and whose stenography was good enough to justify the congressman's youngman secretary—who sized them up when they came to the office—in referring her to the congressman himself. That was Mardy Mapes, and she was not entirely what the congressman had asked for in the advertisement. She admitted to the secretary in writing, on the small tablet of paper that she carried around with her, that she was under thirty, and anyone could have told at a glance that she wasn't even twenty-five. "However," she wrote to the congressman when he objected to her on the score of extreme youthfulness: "I am old in my ways and I can look much older if I dress in plain dark clothes."

The congressman frowned a little at her to show his disapproval, but consoled himself with the thought that if he kept her in his employ long enough, she would eventually reach a suitable age. On general principles, it seemed, Congressman Pragg had an objection to young women. Some people whispered that this was because of some early disappointment in love, but those who knew him better knew that in the congressman's uphill climb from a poor farmer's boy to the leading man of his state, there had been no time for flirtation or love-making.

"You may consider yourself employed," said the congressman, and the smile that came over Mardy's face showed that she heard perfectly in spite of her total dumbness. "Now, I want to explain why I wanted a dumb stenographer. I have had several women in my employ—good stenographers they were, too—but they drove me almost crazy with their innocent babbling. When they weren't chatting with my secretary out there, they were talking over the telephone to the girl downstairs at the switchboard or arranging with the people at suffrage headquarters to make street-corner speeches on such and such a night. And after hours they babbled to their friends all my business, or tried to retail inside political information to their soap-box audiences. Washington is nothing but a village in lots of ways, and people soon get to know that Miss So-and-So is working for Congressman Thus-and-So, and the first thing I'd know people would be telling me over at the capitol more about my own business than I knew myself. These women didn't do it maliciously, you understand, but they were so fond of hearing themselves speak that they couldn't help it. That is why I wanted a dumb stenographer. Your youthfulness is against you, but I don't suppose I can do any better—never mind the references—you look honest, and my secretary says your stenography is more than fair. Report here tomorrow morning at half-past nine."

Although the ambitious young man from the congressman's home town had the distinction of being his secretary, Miss Mapes soon did practically all the work that is usually connected with that post, and the young man in question occupied his time largely with meeting the congressman's callers, mixing with people whom the congressman might find it useful to know, in hotel lobbies, clubrooms or wherever he might contrive to find them, and making hurried trips back and forth from various of the congressman's constituents to Washington.

Mardy Mapes seemed not to have a responsibility or tie in the world—at least in Washington—outside of the congressman's office. She boarded somewhere over in the northeast—an indefinite section so far as the congressman was concerned, and "trolled" back and forth from there to the congressman's office in the hotel, where he lived, near the White House. She never worked "overtime," because all her time, presumably, was possible office time. And if she stayed in the congressman's office till midnight taking down notes for an important speech that he was to deliver, or listening critically to him as he rehearsed such a speech to her, tongues in the hotel never wagged to her discredit because of it. Perhaps this was because poor Mardy's own tongue itself was incapable of wagging. She was pretty and she was young, but her dumbness and her very somber and demure mode of dressing were a protection against slander or less malicious gossip.

More than if Mardy had expressed herself in words, did the congressman make a habit of studying her face, and before many months had passed there was need for very little tablet writing in their conversation. He could detect in the most minute variation of expression her meaning, and this constant studying of her face came to be as much a pleasure to him as anything else that made up his busy days.

Then, as spring came on, the congressman became more than ordinarily pensive. Even at the capitol it was commented on that Pragg had some cause to worry, and Mardy's most inquiring and sympathetic look of entreaty did not draw his secret from his lips.

One day when Mardy arrived in the morning, she found the congressman already at his desk—something entirely unprecedented—and Mardy seemed to know when she first caught his glance, that at last the time had come for her to know his secret care.

"I have something to tell you," he began, abruptly, not looking at her—though he usually studied her face with such keen interest. "I have secured the services of one of the greatest of throat specialists—Doctor Spiggenheim—perhaps you have heard of him. He is coming down to Washington as a special concession. He'll be here this morning. I want him to examine your vocal cords, and see if something cannot be done for them. He says it is a marvelous case—that your dumbness hasn't affected your hearing or any of your other senses."

Had the congressman been watching Mardy's face then he might have seen that she started and then turned perceptibly paler. She made no written reply or acknowledgment of her gratitude to her would-be benefactor, and they were both uncommunicative for the rest of the morning.

At Mardy's written request she saw the great specialist alone, and then the specialist saw the congressman alone, and then the congressman, having handed the specialist his thousand-dollar fee, saw Mardy alone.

The congressman looked pensive and grave. Very tenderly and, trying to conceal his own disappointment, he told Mardy of the specialist's verdict—that, strangely enough, Mardy's speechlessness was incurable. This time the congressman studied Mardy's face, but it showed nothing save a studied immobility.

They both tried to go back to the work of the day, but unsuccessfully, and then the congressman broke the silence. "I'll have to tell you what is worrying me—and torturing me," he said. "I'll tell you, and then you can decide what we ought to do. Mardy, I want to marry you. I had never thought of marrying before, and I don't want to make you my wife unless it is going to make you happier, I am tortured with the doubt whether your infirmity wouldn't be such a handicap in your life as my wife, with all the social duties that it would be bound to bring you, that we would both be unhappy because of it. I had hoped Spiggenheim would be able to hold out hope, but he tells me there is none. Mardy, what shall I do?"

There was a short pause, and then, in a soft, low voice, Mardy answered his question. "Forgive me." Then she went on talking rapidly and fluently, and the congressman hung upon each word as if hearing a woman talk had always been the joy of his life. "I came to Washington, hoping to get a position in one of the departments, but others more influential crowded me out. Then I saw your advertisement. My funds were exhausted, and I couldn't go home and tell the family I had lost out. I had promised to send home part of my salary—and—well, I pretended I was dumb, and everyone in Washington thinks I am. I have never spoken to anyone, though I do talk to myself in my room at night, so's not to forget how. Then when you spoke of Spiggenheim, I thought you suspected me, and would despise me for the deception and would dismiss me if you thought I really could talk. So—well, I told Spiggenheim the truth and promised him a hundred dollars—all my savings—if he would tell you the case was hopeless."

The congressman sat back in his chair and let out a hearty laugh that showed his melancholy had been forever dispelled, and for the first time he heard the contagious tones of Mardy's laugh, which she had been suppressing for months.

"One thousand, one hundred dollars," he reflected; "well it was worth that ten times over—and a hundred times over, if I had it. I never thought that it would take a throat specialist to cure me of a life-long melancholy—for, Mardy, I have never been completely happy in my life until this minute."

Disease Not Inherited.

An entirely wrong doctrine of heredity has been the source of a great deal of anxiety in the world, declares James J. Walsh, M. D., in the American Magazine, and has kept many people from living their lives as they ought to do, because they have been spending time and energy worrying over what would happen to them if certain feelings which they thought symptoms of inherited disease were to prove correct. Defects are inherited, but disease is not, because acquired characteristics are not transmitted. Apprehension of heredity has probably caused more suffering than heredity itself.

Next to Football.

Doctor (to former football champion)—Your face is badly scratched and bruised, but I think it is nothing serious. I presume you have been playing football again?

Ex-Champion—Not this time. I only told my landlady she had a face like a football. That's all I can remember.

DANIEL BOONE'S LONG SWING

Pursued by Indians, He Cut Grapevine Near Ground and Sailed Far Enough to Break Track.

Do you remember reading in one of the school histories about how the doughty Daniel Boone, when pursued by Indians on his way to the unknown wilderness of Kentucky, cut a grapevine near the ground so that it formed a swing upon which he traveled through the air far enough to break his track? If you read it, you probably thought it a bit fishy, writes Niksah. Unless you live somewhere in the Alleghany mountains you would not believe that wild grapevines are long enough or strong enough or hold onto the trees tight enough to make much of a swung.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason to doubt that Daniel made the swing and got away from the Indians. For in the mountains of western Maryland and eastern West Virginia, across which Daniel took his hazardous way, the boys are still making such swings just for fun. And royal fun it is. The writer was driving through the mountains near the upper Potomac when he saw some enormous grapevines drooping 60 or 70 feet from the tops of the trees. They had been cut close to the ground, and the hillside above them was all plowed up by the feet of youngsters.

The temptation to try the Daniel Boone stunt was as irresistible. It was quickly proved that by taking a running start down the hill one could swing a most amazing and breath-taking distance right out over the creek. Swings made with ropes were tame by comparison. But there was no temptation to emulate Daniel by letting loose at the end of the swing. It took pioneering nerve to do that.

CATS WILL GUARD CHICKENS

While Watching for Rats, They Frighten Away Hawks—Are Broken From Killing Little Ones.

Did you know that cats are a valuable asset to the poultryman? You might believe that they were anything but invaluable because of their innate love for fresh meats. But sweeter than baby chicks to the palate of the cat are the smooth-coated, long-tailed creatures of the rat family. And rats prey upon chickens, asserts the Poultryman.

During the course of a year there is more loss in the poultry world from the ravages of rats than from cats or hawks, or even disease. A cat in the chicken yard, if trained to properly value the life of the chickens, will terrorize and destroy the rats and will ward off the enemy hawks and so prove himself or herself of great worth.

Cats have proved their worth as chicken yard sentinels, and there have been many and various methods employed by their owners to break them from killing the chickens. One well-known method is that of tying a dead chicken about a cat's neck and making him tug around the heavy dead body for from one to two days. In the meantime the cat will supposedly grow to have a great dread and horror of a dead chicken.

Explaining the Universe.

I suppose that we have all had moments of sudden illumination when it occurred to us that we had explained the universe, and it was so easy for us that we wondered why we had not done it before, says S. M. Crothers in the Atlantic. Some thought drifted into our mind and filled us with vague forebodings of omniscience. It was not an ordinary thought that explained only a fragment of existence. It explained everything. It proved one thing and it proved the opposite just as well. It explained why things are as they are, and if it should turn out that they are not that way at all, it would prove that fact also. In the light of our great thought chaos seemed rational. Such thoughts usually occur about four o'clock in the morning. Having explained the universe, we relapse into satisfied slumber. When, a few hours later, we rise, we wonder what the explanation was.

Lacustral Settlements.

The lacustral settlements were places of refuge for a pastoral and agricultural people, and the light and dryness that characterized the dwellings show a step in advance toward more permanent abodes. In this period science places the beginning of civilization. By these lacustrine men spinning and weaving were invented. Agriculture was born among them; animals were domesticated—the ox, the cow, the sheep, the goat, the dog. The uses of metal were discovered, and the age of iron was ushered in. Habitations similar to these still exist in the East Indies, and among the Amazonian tribes of Maracaibo. They existed also in Lake Prasias, in Thrace, during the time of Herodotus, the Greek historian.

Spiders Ride on Flies.

There is an aspect of spider and fly relations which fabulists and naturalists alike have overlooked. A correspondent who has brought the microscope to bear on many housefiies, finds that the parasite upon that hateful insect is often an immature spider, says the London Chronicle. Too weak yet to spin its web, it makes the fly its winged palfrey, and courses from place to place at the will of its captive; either until Pegasus perishes naturally, or, presumably, until the rider is able to make a meal of his charger. This, if confirmed, seems to carry us a step farther in the study of parasitism and commensalism.

According to Budget

By Jane Osborn

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When Morton Blake, who had been married a year and was supremely happy in his snug little apartment with his blue-eyed little wife, seated himself in his favorite easy chair with a volume of his favorite author and his favorite pipe, preparatory to enjoying for the evening all the happiness of bachelor life rolled into one with the contentment of married life, there was blue-eyed Pegg on the other side of the table with a flat, oblong book that had a new look to it. Peggy opened it with care and pressed the covers back as one does with a book that has never been opened before.

It was the budget book.

"Angelica has been here today," Peggy announced, "and she brought this—it's such a wonderful idea! Morton, did you ever hear of a budget? I never had, but Angelica explained what it means and here is the book. She has made a special study of housekeeping, you know."

"But what does Angelica know about making men happy in their homes?" queried Morton, who had not an altogether pleasant mental image of Peggy's tall, angular, many-degreed cousin, who seemed to be so fond of putting ideas into Peggy's head as Peggy was of sponging them up. "What does she know about real home making?"

"Oh, she knows a great deal," insisted Peggy. "And she says that the reason why so many people aren't happy is because the wives aren't business-like and don't apply the same methods to housekeeping that men do to their businesses. Angelica would make some man wonderfully happy."

"Did she tell you that, too?" asked Morton, puffing on his pipe viciously.

"Yes, only, of course, she is so busy telling other women how to make their homes happy that she doesn't have time. Well, she brought me this budget book and I am to put down in these little columns just what I spend each day—see, here's a place for bread and one for butter and another for meat and fish, and all the things we eat, and here's one for ice and one for help and carfare and light and things like that—Angelica says you call those last ones operating expenses. It is the first of the month, so I started right in. See, I bought some face powder at the drug store and I put that down under medicine, and the two dollars for the laundress—that goes under help. Every time you give me anything that goes in here under receipts. And every week I am to balance it both ways so I can tell at a glance just how much I am spending for every different sort of thing—and in the front of the book there is a table telling how much we ought to spend for things and if I'm spending too much for any one thing then we'll know it and can stop making that mistake. Angelica says she will help me balance and figure out the percentages—I never could do percentages."

"You don't mean that Angelica is going to keep tabs on our household expenses?" gasped Morton.

"Oh, you mustn't mind that. She helps lots of young married girls—she says she is helping them to make their husbands happy and contented. That is her life work. She started doing it only for the poor people in the settlement, but she has discovered that people comfortably off need help just as much. And so I started right away, but I can't finish till you tell me your part of it. Here's a place for 'man's lunch' and another for 'carfares,' that you must tell me, and every day you must tell me how much you have spent for magazines or papers—that goes under 'Improvements,' and if you give something to a beggar you must tell me so I can put it down under 'Church and Charity.'

"Every night I will ask you so you won't forget anything. Angelica has been helping one young couple and they haven't been a cent out of the way since they began. The husband remembers every tinty winty thing he spends and he is so happy just on account of it."

Morton snorted inwardly and had some rather sinister thoughts regarding Angelica and her missionary enterprise. "Is there a definite percentage for the amount of tobacco a husband can use?"

"Yes, indeed—but the book says that one of the things the young people ought to strive to do is to divert that money—those are the words the book uses—into other more worth-while channels, such as lecture courses, the purchase of an encyclopedia or a beautiful work of art. Don't you think Angelica is doing a wonderful work?"

"Yes, quite wonderful, not to say remarkable, phenomenal and epoch-making," said Morton, and Peggy was satisfied.

Every night for a month thereafter Morton was obliged to confess just how much he spent on luncheon, shoeshines, beggars and tobacco, and even had to admit that he lost a dollar on a bet one day and gained two dollars the next, though Peggy hadn't any idea where to enter these items and finally decided on putting the dollar down under "mortgage interest" because she hadn't anything else for that column, and calling the other simply "cash received."

Angelica had promised to help Peggy with the percentages and correct their budget at the end of the following month, and Morton was casting about in his mind for a way of defeating her in her purpose. One night early in the second month of their budget accounts he told his wife he had met an interesting old school friend of his who had a delightful mission in life. He was trying to help the men he knew to make their wives happy and he had worked out a system which as yet he had not had published. It was, said Morton, the theory of this man that the most worth-while thing in life was not money. Money was incidental. One's happiness did not depend on the amount of money one had so why take pains to conserve it? The things that counted were the words one spoke, the smiles and tears and sighs and laughter. It was as folk use these real things of life that they were either happy or unhappy. For instance, if a man laughs only when his wife hits her thumb with a hammer or when he sees a cat with a tin can on the end of its tail, he is pretty sure to make himself and his associates unhappy.

The woman who spends two hours every morning gossiping with a neighbor about another neighbor's divorce case is wasting her time and cheating her husband because a woman's words belong as much to her husband as a man's savings belong to his wife.

Peggy listened intently to the explanation, and seemed enthralled. So far, was she from suspecting Morton's scheme that she even suggested that Angelica would like to meet the stranger, and went off into a very pleasant brown study as she thought that possibly a match might be made between these two workers for humanity's happiness—and so there might, had the second philanthropist been a person of flesh and blood and not a creature of Morton's imagination. Morton gave his wife some typewritten sheets containing items and a system of horizontal and perpendicular lines not unlike Angelica's budget book and he asked her to fill in the items from day to day. He would not let her forget, he said, but would go over the sheets every evening after he had finished telling her just how much he had spent.

One of the items of Morton's scheme was labeled "tears" and under this poor Peggy felt in duty bound—for Morton had accounted for his lunch money to a penny—to explain the cause for every tear she shed. The tears she spent over the frost-bitten geranium plant were in a measure excusable, for death even of a plant is a suitable cause of sorrow, but when she wept over the fact that she was not invited to a certain luncheon party she was in the wrong because the sorrow in that case was prompted by jealousy or personal pique.

Peggy had a hard time with the item marked "laughter" for it was Peggy's nature to laugh a little quite frequently and everytime she stopped to think that she was laughing and that she must remember to put it down in the list she was sobered so she stopped laughing. And it was hard sometimes to have to put down on that sheet for Morton's eyes that she had said "darn it" because the potatoes boiled dry; still there was an item for "profanity" and Morton had decided that "darn it" was as near to profanity as Peggy ever came.

One night—it was the night before Angelica's expected visit and Morton had been unusually severe with Peggy over the sheets, as indeed Peggy had been with Morton because he couldn't remember how much he tipped that day at luncheon—Peggy crumpled down over the sheets in tears. "We're not half so happy as we used to be—before we began to budget everything," she wailed. "I wish Angelica had never left the settlement and I wish your sour-hearted old friend—I know he is sour hearted—was—was in the bottom of the ocean. And I just hate to keep accounts, I do, and I don't want you to tell me how much you spend."

Morton took a warm little hand from under the tear stained face and then raised the face and kissed away the tears.

"Shake, Peggy," he said. "We don't need any one's prescription for happiness, do we? And we are through with budgets for keeps."

"Forever," echoed Peggy, and she meant it.

Strained the Glass.

The oldest inhabitant of Little Cockleton possessed a telescope he never used.

"Why don't you make use of it sometimes, James?" asked a neighbor.

"It used to be a good 'n," said James sorrowfully, "but it's broke now."

"Broken?" asked the neighbor. "Who did that?"

"Well," said James, "it was such a good 'n that I could see the old church steeple five miles away quite plain, but Joseph, the scoundrel, got the lend of it and tried to make out the steeple of the Methody chapel more'n ten miles away. He tried and tried and couldn't, so that strained my glass, an' it's never been right since. Drat Joseph!"

Modest Chorus Girl.

Chorus Girl—Understand, now, I want no publicity about my marriage to Harold Gottmunney.

Reporter—Very well.

Chorus Girl—Just a modest photograph of myself in tights and a scant half-column in an inconspicious place on the front page.—Puck.

SOLDIER'S LOT NOT SO BAD

American Fighters at the Front Not in the Trenches Continuously—Plenty of Amusement.

The trouble with the American public is that they have heard and read so much of the great war and its horrors that they think their boys are going to be continually in the midst of bloodshed and constantly in discomfort, and they concentrate on the terrible side of it and ask, "How long will it be before he is killed?" They don't see that that is not all there is to it," declares a war correspondent.

It is natural enough of course. A man writes a book about the war, takes one incident, and another, and another, makes chapters of them, with the result that the man and woman who read his book read a succession of horrors, and they think it is all like that. They don't realize, or they forget, the weeks between these "horrors" and discomforts.

A man is in the front trench under fire, say, two days, and sent back four, or perhaps four days and sent back eight. Usually a brigade is in the "fire sector" 32 days. Then it is sent back to the rest billets for an equal time. Here the men are in practically no danger—perhaps an occasional shell. They are together in jolly comradeship, having lots of amusements—football, baseball—plenty to do. They are well fed, well equipped, well amused.

Of course, the grouchy soldier is going to have a grouchy time, but the life of the American soldier on the western front is going to be just about what he makes it. If he goes into it in the right spirit he will find that it isn't so bad as it is cracked up to be. And then he will be in a great state of indignation because the reports of it have made it seem so awful.

When he realizes that it isn't so bad, he mustn't forget to sit down and tell the folks at home! He knows it's a lot better than he thought it was going to be. But they don't.

KORNILOFF IS A BRAINY MAN

Noted Russian General Has at His Finger-Ends the Literature of Fully Fifteen Countries.

Whatever may be said or thought of Korniloff, there can be no doubt that he is brilliantly clever, says a correspondent. He might be termed a "self-made man." At the age of thirteen he was tending sheep on the Steppes; today, at forty-seven, he has at his finger-ends the literature of 15 countries and all manner of military lore.

At one period of his meteoric career he combined the two ill-matched pursuits of science and spying.

Though he can converse in 15 languages, Korniloff is a great believer in the maxim that "silence is golden." On one occasion he said: "I am a fighting general, accustomed to act and not to talk. In Petrograd most of the time is spent in talking."

An Heirloom.

A prerevolutionary mansion is to be preserved in Albany as a historic shrine, says the Brooklyn Standard-Union. This was the home of Gen. Philip Schuyler, who was in command of the continental troops in the victory of Saratoga in 1777. The house had been erected 15 years before and stood in the open country within what are now the city limits. The estate, with its ample grounds and negro slave quarters, was known as "The Pasture." After their surrender at Saratoga General Burgoyne and other British officers were held as war prisoners at his home by General Schuyler. Washington, Franklin and Lafayette were entertained there, and in the main parlor General Schuyler's daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Alexander Hamilton, whom she long survived after the fatal bullet fired by Aaron Burr at Weehawken ended the life of Washington's secretary of the treasury.

Just Pieces of Paper.

Apropos of a recent financial magnate's downfall, a depositor remarked to a bank official that he thought that the man in a subordinate position who handles large amounts of cash is subjected to a greater temptation than the "high financier." "Not so," was the answer; "I was a paying teller for ten years, and I can assure you that handling cash in large amounts is absolutely like handling simple pieces of paper with numbers on them. It is the mathematics of accounting that interests a cashier—the keeping of those bits of paper in perfect order. The question of what he might do with the bills never enters a busy paying teller's mind."—The Outlook.

Couldn't Treat Him.

"You'll have to get another doctor," said the one to the patient who had just called on him.

"Am I so ill as that?" gasped the sufferer.

"I don't know just how ill you are," replied the man of medicine, "but I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good day."

The Janitors Won't Kick.

"I am afraid of this daylight saving plan."

"Why?"

"Because they won't stop with setting the clocks ahead; they will be monkeying with the thermometers next. What will we do if they put 70 degrees down to 60 degrees in the winter time?"—The Lamb.

NEW INCOME TAX

Government Agents to Visit Every County Seat to Make Reports.

You won't have to figure out your own income tax all by yourself hereafter. The government is going to send out men to help you. It will be up to you to hunt up these men, who will be sent into every county seat town, and some other towns besides, to meet the people. Postmasters, bankers and newspapers will be able to tell you when the government's income tax man will be around, and where to find him. He will answer your questions, swear you to the return, take your money, and remove the wrinkles from your brow. Returns of income for 1917 must be made between January 1 and March 1, 1918.

"The government recognizes," Collector of Internal Revenue F. C. Kirkendall, at Scranton, said recently, "that many persons experience a good deal of difficulty in filling out income tax forms. It recognizes, too, that taxpayers resident at points where collectors' offices are not easily accessible find it hard to get proper instruction in the law. Next year, when every married person living with a wife or husband and having a net income of $2,000, and every unmarried person not the head of a family and having a net income of $1,000 for the year 1917 must make return of income on the form prescribed, there will be hundreds in every community seeking light on the law, and help in executing their returns. My own and every other collection district in the nation will be divided into districts, with the county as the unit, and a government officer informed in the income tax assigned to each district. He will spend hardly less than a week in each county, and in some counties a longer time, very likely in the court house at the county seat town. In cities where there are collector's branch offices he will be there, and in other cities possibly at the city hall. My office will in due time advise postmasters and bankers and send out notices to the newspapers stating when the officer will be in each county. It will be unnecessary for prospective taxpayers to ask my office for for forms on which to make returns. The officer who visits their county will have them.

"It may be stated as a matter of general information that 'net income' is the remainder after subtracting expenses from gross income. Personal, family, or living expense is not expense in the meaning of the law, the exemption being allowed to cover such expenses.

"The new exemptions of $1,000 and $2,000 will add tens of thousands to the number of income taxpayers in this district, inasmuch as practically every farmer, merchant, tradesman, professional man and salary workers and a great many wage workers will be required to make return and pay tax.

"The law makes it the duty of the taxpayer to seek out the collector. Many people assume that if an income tax form is not sent, or a government officer does not call, they are relieved from making report. This is decidedly in error. It is the other way round. The taxpayer has to go to the government and if he doesn't within the time prescribed, he is a violator of the law, and the government will go to him with its penalties."

Miss Rhone's Resolution.

The Pennsylvania state grange, in annual convention at Williamsport that closed last Thursday, went on record as favoring equal suffrage when the delegates unanimously adopted a resolution introduced by Miss Florence Rhone, of Centre Hall, urging passage of the Susan B. Anthony suffrage amendment by congress. The resolution pointed out the responsibilities placed on women in food conservation and other lines as a result of the war. During the session a memorial service was held for two members of the grange who died during the year, one of whom was the late Hon. Leonard Rhone, of Centre Hall The fifth degree was conferred on a class of ninety-nine candidates by Pomona Grange No. 3 of Chester and Delaware counties.

Musser—Corl.

Recently at the Reformed parsonage, at Boalsburg, by Rev. S. C. Stover, Foster Musser and Miss Viola Corl were united in marriage in the presence of immediate friends. After congratulations the happy couple were brought to Bellefonte where they took the train for Williamsport where they attended the meeting of the State Grange. Mr. Musser is master of the Washington Grange, Pine Hall, and the bride is the assistant steward in the same grange.

"Oh Doctor"

Monday night Dec. 31st, the attraction in Garman's opera house will be "Oh Doctor" a musical comedy highly recommended by press and public for its cleanliness and laughter making qualities. It has a really funny plot. Hal Johnson, celebrated protean comedian and star of the show, is surrounded by a fine company of singers, comedians and a chorus of youth and beauty. Prices children 25c. adults, 35-50-75c. and $1.00.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Fine for cuts, burns, bruises. Should be kept in every home. 25c and 50c.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

Daddy, Alias Carrots

By Jane Osborn

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Bab was sitting darning socks in the mellow glow of the living-room table-light when Babbette appeared at the door. Bab in a gray frock with a white fichu, hair parted in the middle and spectacles on her little nose was demure. Babbette was resplendent, captivating. She made one breathe fast just to look at her, standing there with round, bare arms and round young body. Steve, reading his paper and sitting opposite to Bab at the table, swallowed hard and blinked.

"What's the matter, dear," Bab asked, taking off her glasses and looking at him anxiously. "Doesn't Babbette's dress look pretty? I copied it after one in a shop window on the avenue. We didn't think it looked homemadey."

"Oh, that's all right—it's immense," Steve hurried. "That's not the trouble. I was trying to grasp the idea that, that—that girl there is my daughter."

Steve Nowell rose with his hands in his pockets and paced the room meditatively for a minute, while Bab busied herself fastening the buttons of Babbette's gloves, tucking in a lock of hair here and loosening a few there. Steve paused when he arrived before the mirror over the mantlepiece, peered in and then, striking a match which he took from his smoking-coat pocket, lighted one of Bab's candles—for ornament only—that stood in brass sticks on the mantlepiece shelf. He held this up to the side of his face and peered in. No, there was not a gray hair in the bushy shock of auburn. scarcely a wrinkle, unless one could call those few crows' feet—the sort that gather, Steve assured himself, even on the faces of young men who are accustomed to smiling with their eyes.

He blew out the candle and clenched his right-hand fingers into a fist and, with his left hand on his right biceps, felt his muscle. Then he straightened himself up to his full six feet, stood on the balls of his feet and inhaled as if to test his lung capacity.

"It can't be," he told himself. "I'm not ready to be that girl's father—I'm too young. I'm only a boy—and before many years I'll be a grandfather? He looked at Bab sitting so contentedly by the lamp. She had resumed her darning and Babbette was standing reading Steve's paper. Yes, Steve reflected, Bab was content to take a back seat. What was it to her that old age had been forced upon them and that for all their days and nights to come they must sit there reading papers and darning socks or, if they did go out, be mere spectators at a play or opera?

"What on earth's the matter with you dad?" queried the eighteen-year-old daughter, glancing up from the paper, and then, not waiting for him to answer, "I wonder where Goggles can be? I was sure I'd be late and here he is keeping me waiting," she went on.

"Goggles, who's Goggles?" queried Steve.

Bab and Babbette looked up in surprise. "Why, Goggles is Babbette's new friend with the eight-cylinder. It makes it so nice for Babette."

"Which—Goggles or the eight-cylinder?" queried Steve.

"Don't be silly, dad," said the resplendent young thing, as she folded her warm arms about Steve and kissed him on the chin in a thoroughly daughterly fashion. "I'm not a bit interested in Goggles—but anyone would dote on his motor."

Steve caught the faint perfume—intoxicating exotic—that clung to his daughter's evening frock. When he had courted Bab, he recalled, girls used some simple scent—violet or lily-of-the-valley. Those were simple days. What a thing it must be to be young. Steve thought, young when girls used perfume like that—redolent of strange Eastern romance, Persian gardens in the moonlight, Indian temples and tropical islands. Steve's impression was not distinct but it was none the less vivid. And Goggles, just because he had an eight-cylinder, could share the society of a goddess like Babette. Steve rubbed his eyes as if to wipe the film of twenty years of married life from them. What a thing to be young again! he thought. Why, he was young. People often told him he didn't look thirty, and if it weren't for that lovely creature there calling him dad he might sometimes forget that he was nearer to the half century mark.

Bab had run off to the telephone bell, and came back with the color of her pink and white cheeks heightened with rage.

"Isn't it perfectly horrid?" she stormed. "It was Goggles and he's at Nellie Drew's and telephoned to say they'd stop for me. He says he was at Nellie's for dinner and Shorty Tucker, who was going to take Nellie telephoned he had been detained and couldn't bring Nellie, so said he would have to bring Nellie and they'd stop for me. Why didn't he tell me he was going to have dinner there? Nellie's an old cat—I oughtn't to say that of one of my own fraternity sisters, I know, but it was downright mean—" Babette stopped suddenly and a look of inspiration flashed across her face.

"Dad," she cried seizing him in her strong arm. "You don't look thirty and you're a lot better looking than any of the other boys. You take me and don't let them know you're my father. None of these boys know you and the lights won't be bright. I'll call you Carrots 'cause you've got auburn hair and it's a fad you know to call the boys some such name. Carrots Clay—that's a nice name. No, you don't have to dress—come just as you are and while you're putting on your hat and coat I'll just telephone in case Goggles and Nellie haven't started and tell them a friend of mine who happened to be having dinner with me is bringing me, and if they have started and do come, why, mammy, you tell them that I started on with a friend of mine, who was anxious to take me, and tell them you're so glad it happened just as it did because this friend of mine was anxious to take me. Dad, you're a peach. Mammy, don't be lonesome—there's a dear."

Carrots Clay—alias Bab's Daddy—alias just plain Steve Nowell—did as he was told, filled meanwhile with a thrilling consciousness that he was to be young again. He wondered why Bab hadn't asked him to don his evening togs—perhaps young men didn't dress for small dances in Babbette's set. At any rate he would dance with the girls and they would all be young and warm and glorious like Babbette. It would be a renewal of his youth, only a youth more youthful and thrilling than his own had been because these girls of the present generation were more magnetic, more primitive than girls had ever been before. Just for a night he would be young and then—he winced a little at the idea—he would come back and spend the rest of the nights beside the table with Bab in the gray dress with the capable white hands.

Having no eight cylinder Carrots took Babbette to the house where the party was to take place in the street car and so fully was he taking the part thrust upon him, that when passengers in the car looked with unfeigned admiration at the beautiful creature beside him, it was with the pride of a youth for a maiden, and not with fatherly pride, that he received the attention.

"It's funny I didn't have to wear evening dress," Carrots remarked. "Don't they usually for dances?"

Then it was that Babbette explained that it wasn't to be a dance he was taking her. It was to be a fraternity meeting, and all Carrots and the other boys had to do was to sit in the downstairs reception room—they could smoke if they wanted to—while the girls had the meeting upstairs. It wouldn't be more than an hour or so and if there were any refreshments left they sometimes sent them down to the boys. The boys usually waited right there instead of going home in the interval, because sometimes the meetings adjourned later and sometimes earlier.

At half past nine that night Carrots had been sitting in a chilly, dimly lighted reception room for an hour. From above came the delirious, intoxicating peels of laughter and music from girls like Babbette. Beside him sat Goggles. In a straight-back chair across the room was Shorty, who had come late with the hope of taking Nellie home eventually in spite of Goggles. Other dejected young men sat on other straight-back chairs.

They had talked in monosyllables from time to time, but not to him. They seemed to regard him with suspicion and distrust. Eventually Goggles broke the ostracism. "You're new at this, aren't you?"

Carrots said he was.

"You get used to it," commented Goggles. "You got to do it—if you don't somebody else will. There's always somebody else waiting—just as you were tonight—to take your place, and that always makes you sore."

"It must have been nice," mused Shorty from across the room, "in the days when our fathers and mothers were young—before girls had fraternities and things. This way, for every dance they let you go with them you have to sit out an evening like this. But you have to do it."

"Must be nice to be an old fellow and to have the girl you've been sitting around for all to yourself—sitting somewhere near you while you are home and comfortable." That was from Goggles.

"You bet," agreed Carrots.

An hour later Carrots and Babbette found Bab still sitting in the glow of the lamp. A neat pile of socks and Babbette's gay silk stockings were before her. Her eyes were heavy, but she smiled radiantly at their return. Steve pulled off his hat and before taking his coat off, rushed to her, lifted her to her feet and held her sleepy form to him. "Bab, you're the dearest and sweetest in the world. It's great to be forty-five."

Birds Help Farmers.

Birds are almost as busy as bees, and their work in increasing crop yields is highly important, says the Firesade. One of the cheapest and most effective ways to fight insect pests that annually take crop toll estimated at $800,000,000 is to aid in the preservation of bird life. Such worms and bugs as infest our gardens are favorite food for bluebirds, robins and many other kinds of birds. Birds also eat thousands of weed seeds.

True Economy.

"Pa, what is a practical economist?"

"A man who can get a dollar's worth of anything for a dollar, my son."—Life.

Himalayas Highest Mountains.

The highest mountains in the world, that is, continuous range of greatest average height, are the Himalaya mountains in Asia. The range or system is nearly 1,500 miles long, more than 100 miles wide, contains many mountains from 16,000 to 18,000 feet high, and a number much higher. One of them, Mount Everest, rises to 29,002 feet and is the highest on the globe. There are fifteen other mountains in the range from 22,240 to 28,278 feet in height. Of 20 mountains in the world, which are over 22,000 feet high, 15 are in the Himalayas and five in the Andes in South America, the highest in the Andes being an extinct volcano 23,000 feet. The famous Chimborazo, in Ecuador, long believed to be the highest mountain in the Andes, is now known to be only 20,498 feet above sea level, and there are at least seven other peaks in the Andes that are higher. The highest in the Rocky mountains are Mount McKinley, 20,464 feet, and St. Elias, 18,016 feet, both in Alaska. There are many peaks in the Rocky mountains from 10,560 to 15,840 feet, or from two to three miles. There are 5,280 feet in a mile.

Knowledge of Cyclones Grows.

Within a few years modern science has done much to increase our knowledge of cyclones, and the sailor of today knows not only in what region to expect them, but he has also learned the path in which they move and direction of the wind. By means of "storm cards," which are somewhat difficult to describe, but the use of which is comparatively easy, the mariner knows how to steer his vessel to avoid the violence of a gale, and if he is very skilful may even make the cyclone help him on his way. Cyclones are always accompanied with rain, generally so violent as to be called a "cloudburst." When the air is completely saturated with the moisture and a "whirl" is formed, the heated stratum is not carried to a great height. The upward current being strong, a vast mass of partially condensed vapor is accumulated in the upper end of the funnel, so to speak, until it finally breaks of its own weight.

Sargasso Sea.

A large area near the middle of the north Atlantic ocean is known as the Sargasso sea, the name being derived from "Sargassum baciferum," the Latin name of a floating seaweed or gulf-weed found in great abundance in this part of the ocean—so abundant that it is described as forming enormous banks. The part of the north Atlantic that is known as the Sargasso sea is roughly bounded on the north by the 20th parallel of north latitude and on the south by the 35th parallel, and on the east and the west by the 40th and the 75th meridians west longitude. In this area there is practically no surface circulation, which accounts for the presence of the weeds, carried out to mid-ocean by such currents as the gulf stream.

Great Dismal Swamp.

The great Dismal swamp is a tract of marshy land beginning a little south of Norfolk, Va., and extending into North Carolina. It contains 150,000 acres, is 30 miles from north to south and ten miles in width. At one time the tract was covered with trees with brushwood between them so that it was almost impassable. Some parts have been cleared away, drained and turned over to agriculture. A canal running through part of this area connects Chesapeake bay with Albemarle sound. Ships going through this canal avoid the dangers of Cape Hatteras. In the middle of the swamp is Drummond's lake, seven miles in length. It is the scene of Thomas Moore's Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

Sounding Tube Replaces Bells.

A modern substitute for the time-honored but cumbersome bell chimes consists of sets of accurately tuned tubes or pipes, which can be installed in any belfry and occupy small space, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Electric hammers, mounted at the upper end of the pipes, strike them with quick, sharp blows through the operation of projecting and recoiling magnets. The magnets are controlled by a simple keyboard which can be installed in any part of the building desired and which can be played by any person having a rudimentary knowledge of the piano. Chimes of this sort require so little current to operate them that it is scarcely recorded by the meter.

Walking the Channel.

Men walked from Dublin to Paris once. This was, it is figured out, in Neolithic times, when, geologically, Ireland was connected by land with Britain just as Britain was connected with Europe. And today the depression of the channel coasts is again and rapidly going on.—Ladies' Home Journal.

To Climb a Fence.

One of the modern conveniences for farmers is a wooden stairway built on both sides of a fence. This inexpensive provision does away with injury to fence and to careless fence climbers, but in no wise interferes with the purpose of the fence as a barrier to stock.

And That's Plenty.

There is only one day in the year on which the inhabitants of Monte Carlo are allowed to gamble at the Casino tables—The prince of Monaco's birthday.

Monks and the Silkworm.

About the year 552 two Persian monks stole furtively out of China with scanty luggage, but treasuring an ordinary bamboo cane. They set out on foot and made their way from China into Europe. In that cane were a multitude of the eggs of the silkworm moth, which the monks had stolen. They carried them to Constantinople.

When the time came for the hatching of the eggs the monks tended the little caterpillars, fed them on the leaves of the mulberry, took their cocoons when they spun, and from them derived the first silk produced in Europe. Silk had for centuries before been a treasure of China, and its manufacture, like the insects which produced it, was jealously guarded. The monks, while on a missionary enterprise to China, had witnessed the whole process of silkworm rearing and the manufacture of silk.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purify the blood, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold at all drug stores. Price $1 00.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

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THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
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SEVEN BARKS
It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn
A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.
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Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.
Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.
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Real Estate Bought and Sold
RENTS COLLECTED

RED CROSS WEEK
DECEMBER. 17th--25th.
Do not forget that this is RED CROSS WEEK. Have you joined the great band of Patriotic Citizens who are helping this splendid work? You may be loyal, but you must be patriotic also. Do your share, you cannot afford to be a slacker.
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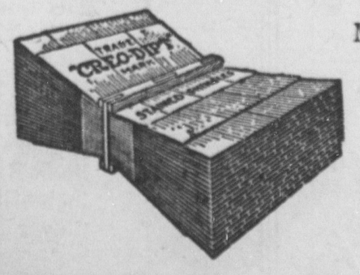

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Here and There.

To one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Go to Montgomery & Co. for suitable Christmas gifts.

John Boyce, formerly of Snow Shoe, but now of Clearfield, was a visitor in Bellefonte Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Furst will spend Christmas in Williamsport with Mrs. Furst's mother, Mrs. Emily Harrar.

Arthur Gentzel left Bellefonte Monday for Tyrone where he took the P. R. R. examination to work with the track gang.

Harry Hoy, of Snow Shoe, spent Sunday in Bellefonte with his sisters, Nannie and Mary Hoy and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds.

Paul Haag, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haag, who had been home on a furlough, left for Camp Hancock, Ga., Tuesday morning.

It's the coldest December in twenty-five years. It comes at a bad time when you hardly know where your next day's allowance of coal is to come from.

Bellefonters do your bit for the Red Cross this week. If ever Uncle Sam needed the money it is now in order to safeguard your homes and securities.

Roy Wilkinson, of Philipsburg, private secretary to Congressman Charles H. Rowland, was a Bellefonte visitor on Monday. While in town he greeted many friends.

Harry Gill, of State College, recently had the misfortune of having his little finger of the right hand cut off. He was working at the State-Centre Electric Co's plant at that place.

Henry Mingle and wife, of Akron, Ohio, spent a couple of hours in Bellefonte Saturday, as guests of Capt. and Mrs. A. C. Mingle. In the afternoon they went through to Aaronsburg to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Matthews, of Buffalo, N. Y., are rejoicing over a little boy baby that came to their home Friday. The mother will be remembered as Miss Elsie Bidwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Bidwell, of Bellefonte.

The venerable Robert Armstrong is critically ill at his home on E. Howard St. It is the hope of a host of friends that he may speedily recover his strength and be spared to enjoy not only the Christmas season but many more years of health and prosperity.

Among the marriage licenses issued this week by Register Frank Sasserman was one for Miss Lillian G. Koch, of Bellefonte, and Ray E. Johnson, of Milesburg. The former is a daughter of Frank Koch, who at one time resided near Boalsburg and who for some years has been in the regular army. Just now he is stationed in China.

The Centre County Club of Pennsylvania State College, held an important meeting the other evening and in the absence of President Hoffer, of Philipsburg, M. J. Locke, Jr., of Bellefonte, the vice president, presided. Among other things it was decided to hold the annual dance on Wednesday, January 2nd, in Bush Arcade, Bellefonte.

Tuesday afternoon Fred Herron, of Bellefonte, chief engineer at the Western Penitentiary, purchased a box of the best cigars in the market and when it became known that he was the father of a little girl baby he was compelled to shell out those cigars to his hosts of friends who came to congratulate him. The little Miss came Tuesday at the hospital and both mother and child are getting along nicely.

Friday William I. Swoope, Esq., of Clearfield, was in Bellefonte attending court. He was interested in a case which was settled before it went to trial. Early in life Mr. Swoope located in Bellefonte for the purpse of practicing law but his own town had more of an attraction, so he settled down there. He is quite a talented gentleman and stands high in the profession at Clearfield. He is an orator of considerable ability and between the Red Cross and Liberty Loan he has been busy.

To-morrow (Friday) evening there will be a Christmas entertainment in the Bellefonte Presbyterian chapel. Owing to the war it will be something entirely different from entertainments given in former years. It will be something however, that everybody will enjoy. The public is cordially invited. Sunday, both morning and evening, Mrs. Russel Blair, who has charge of the choir in the Presbyterian church, assisted by a large number of well-trained voices, will render music appropriate to the Christmas season.

For the benefit of the Red Cross, under the auspices of the Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. Salo Friedewald, an artist of more than local reputation, will give a reading in the Court House on Saturday eveving, December 29th. Admission twenty-five cents. Mrs. Friedewald gave a reading in Clearfield and made such a favorable impression that she has been invited to deliver six additional readings. The object of the Daughters is two-fold: to raise a sum of money for the Red Cross and also to provide a rare treat for our people. This latter accounts for the low charge of twenty-five cents per ticket, and the former is up to the people to make good. Do your bit and fill the house.

Miss Rebecca Rhoads left Bellefonte Wednesday morning for New York City.

A. H. Hartswick, of State College, transacted business and greeted numerous friends in town on Tuesday.

The Bellefonte foundry at the works of the Abramsen Manufacturing Co., closed down on Monday and Joseph Harbold has withdrawn from that place of business.

Mrs. M. C. Gephart has closed up her ladies furnishing store in Bellefonte and on Tuesday left for Johnstown where she will be the guest of her brother for part of the winter.

Miss Mary Shipley, of Unionville, daughter of B. W. Shipley, was a shopping visitor in Bellefonte on Tuesday. We learned from her that folks up her way are experiencing the same trouble Bellefonte is contending with in securing coal. In one respect, however, the Shipleys have the advantage over most folks here, for they have a stove in which wood can be burned for heating purposes. If present conditions become much worse we guess we'll have to move up to Unionville and invite ourselves to share the comfort of the Shipleys' wood stove.

Go to Montgomery & Co. for suitable Christmas gifts.

Arthur Ward, son of Dr. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte, who is employed by the Braden Copper Co., of Chile, recently sent his father a set of wooden stirrups and steel spurs as used in that country.

James R. Hughes and the students of the Bellefonte Academy are now thinking of their minstrels which will be given some time after the Christmas vacation. Heretofore the proceeds went to the Academy but this time the entire proceeds of the two nights will go to the Red Cross. This being true the people ought to prepare to give the performances a large crowded house each night.

Philip D. Foster, of State College, was in town Wednesday to meet his son, Lieut. Harold Foster, who arrived home last night from Camp Grant on a brief furlough. Harold arrived in Tyrone in time to take the early afternoon train to Bellefonte. He saw the train backing into the Tyrone station, as he supposed, and assumed that he would have time to telephone to Bellefonte. When he emerged from the booth it was to discover that the valley train had gone. Consequently he had to remain at Tyrone until evening.

John Waite, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Waite, of Bellefonte, telegraphed home Monday evening that he was departing from Camp Meade with other drafted men, but that he did not know his destination. Presumably he has been ordered to some other camp where regiments are being filled to the required quota.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

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PRACTICAL GIFTS

With the Christmas Touch

Many people this year would rather receive a box of assorted groceries than some gift that is merely ornamental. Suppose you select some of the many substantial groceries in Weaver Brothers store and then add to it some one or two or more choice specialties that just give the touch of Christmas. We'll gladly make assortments of goods for Christmas giving. We have a big line of mixed candies and chocolates, also a fine assortment of nuts, oranges and fancy groceries.

WEAVER BROTHERS

Quality Grocers - - Bellefonte, Pa.

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A Merry Christmas to you

A LOT of men in this town will have their Christmas made more joyful by the receipt of gifts bought at this store. In that way we are contributors to the Christmas cheer of these men; and that's naturally a cause for pleasure to us, even if they don't count us in on it.

But beyond that we want to extend our greetings and good wishes to all our customers whenever and whatever they have bought; and to all the men and women of Bellefonte, whether they buy anything here or not.

Suggestions for Appropriate Christmas Gifts

Collars	Neckwear	Underwear	Dress Shirts
Silk Garters	Hosiery	Canes	Automobile Gloves
Cuff Links	Handkerchiefs	Hats	Automobile Robes
Tie Clasps	Suspenders	Silk Hose [men]	Bath Robes
Madras Shirts	Mufflers	Silk Stockings [women]	Spalding's Sporting Goods
Silk Shirts	Belts	Children's Suits	Childn's Knit Romper Suits
Pajamas	Watch Chains	Traveling Bags	Men's Suits
Night Robes	Tie Pins	Smoking Jackets	Men's Overcoats
Umbrellas	Caps	Silk Mufflers	Children's Overcoats
Gloves	Full Dress Jewelry	Sweaters	Childn's & Men's Raincoats

We wish you all a Merry Christmas; we hope the day will be wholly happy; that you'll get what you want, or want what you get.

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